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EDITED BY W. CHATFIELD, ESQ. F.R.S.

FRIAR BAKON'S PROPHECIE.

FRIAR BAKON'S PROPHEESIE :

A Satire

ON THE

DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES,

A.D. 1604.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq.

F.R.S., F.S.A., HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., ETC.

" Now like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I have spoken,
'Time is, Time was, Time's past!'"—*Byron*.

LONDON :

REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY

BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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PREFACE.

THE following tract, which has at least the unusual merit of being entirely free from the coarseness which pervades nearly every popular work published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, is reprinted from a copy formerly belonging to Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is of excessive rarity, having escaped the notice of Lowndes and other bibliographers, nor have I succeeded in tracing the existence of any other exemplar; an additional inducement for reprinting a piece that contains several curious notices of our old manners and customs.

The author, who probably writes under an assumed name, has in some measure founded his satire on the tale of Friar Bacon's brazen head, or rather has taken his text from the words said to have been spoken by that ingenious piece of mechanism, lost, alas! to the world for ever through the stupidity of an attendant. How

Roger Bacon toiled in the manufacture of this head, which was to teach him a method of surrounding England with an impenetrable wall of brass—how drowsiness seized him before he had fulfilled the required conditions of success—how his man would not awake him at words he considered so trifling in import,—and how the image, exclaiming that the Friar's opportunity had already escaped, by the ominous declaration *TIME IS PAST*, fell to the ground with a tremendous and awful crash,—are circumstances that have been too often related to require any lengthened repetition from us. Nor has the story, in fact, any necessary connexion with the poem which follows; but it may have been attached to it at the time it was written, in the hope of investing the publication with more interest for the purchaser, our ancestors having wisely considered a title-page by no means an unimportant part of a book.

J. O. H.

London,

30th October, 1844.

A
PIECE OF FRIAR BACONS
Brazen-heads Pro-
phesie.

BY WILLIAM TERILO.

LONDON

Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling in Powles
Church-yard, at the Signe of the
White Horse.

1604.

TO THE READER.

GENTLE Reader is such a stale title to put upon you, that not knowing your disposition to this same universal gentlenes, and perhaps at this time, so ful of melancholy, as maks you unfit for any such kindnes: I had rather say, you that read, if you have so much idle time to passe away, as may be somewhat better then lost, in perusing this change, or rather dreame of the change of times, I pray you for this time to have patience, and if an other time in this you take pleasure, I will as I can take a time to run a better course to your contentment. Friar Bacons Brazen-head, was said, (in jest), to have spoken of three times;—*The Time was, the Time is, and Time shall be*: now for myselfe, I cannot goe so farre: what was, at least of late, I have a little read, heard, and understood: of the time present I only dreamed; but of what is to come, I can say nothing; and, therefore,

making no chronicle of the first, and onely shewing my dreame of the second, I will make no prophesie of the third, but leave all to God's pleasure; and so, leaving you to judge of all times as you have reason, I take my leave of you at this time; but rest at all times,

Your friend, as I find cause and time,

WILLIAM TERILO.

A PIECE OF FRIAR BACONS BRAZEN-
HEADS PROPHEsie.

TIME WAS, TIME IS.

WHEN I was but a boye,
And plaide with little girles,
And more esteem'd a toye
Then pretious stones, or pearles,
Then Natures love, that knew no pride,
With litle would be satisfide.

Then friends would not fall out,
But soone fall in againe :
When none would goe about
To laie a wicked traine ;
But kindnesse was in such request,
That malice knew not where to rest.

Content was then a king,
Although he ware no crowne ;
And 'twas a wondrous thing
Would make a mayden frowne;
When twas no little grace to nature
For to be call'd a gentle creature.

The milke-maydes paile was sweete,
The shepheards cloake was cleane :
And when their loves did meete,
They did no falshood meane.
While Truth did in their passions try,
There could not passe a thought awry.

Then observation found
The passage of those partes,
Where Reason laide the ground
Of all experience artes.
While love was rulde by grace,
To seeke his spirits resting place.

Then praise grew of desert,
Desert of true conceit :
Whose tongue was in the hart,
That could not hide deceit;
But he or she was held a fiend,
That would be false unto a friend.

Then shepheards knew the times
And seasons of the yeare,

And made their honest rimes,
 In mirth and merry cheare;
And Sim and Su would kindly kisse,
When nothing could be ment amisse.

Then sheepes eyes were not watcht,
 That lambes did waking keepe ;
And when the hen had hatcht,
 The chickens might goe peepe:
When snares were set, both day and night,
To hang the buzzard and the kite.

The henne, the goose, the ducke,
 Might cackle, creak, and quacke :
When not an owle would plucke
 A feather from her backe ;
Except she crowed, or would not laie,
Then roast her on a holy day.

The butchers then would keepe
 Their flesh from blowing flies,
And maidens would not sleepe,
 But in the morning rise,
And hunt a flea so in the bed,
He knew not where to hide his head.

Then neither wolfe nor foxe,
 But that did feare the hound ;
Nor greatest headed oxe,
 But to the yoake was bound :

Nor drawing tit but knew who there,
Nor asse, but did his burthen beare.

Then oates were knowne from rie,
And barley from the wheate;
A cheese-cake and a pie
Were held good country meate.
When ale, and spice, and curdes, and creame,
Would make a scholler make a theame.

And then when woosers met,
It was a sport to see
How soone the match was set,
How well they did agree:
When that the father gave the childe,
And then the mother sat and smilde.

Delaies were then like death
To any kinde desire;
When no man spent his breath,
To be no whit the nigher:
But Truth and Trust so deerly loved,
That what th' one did, th' other proved.

Then cocke a doodle doo
The houres divided right,
And olde to whit to whoo
Did watch the winter night;
And in the springs, the nightingale
Did tell the woods a merry tale.

Then beetels could not live
Upon the hony bees,
But they the drones would drive
Unto the doted trees;
When he that wrought not till he sweate,
Was held unworthy of his meate.

Then were no pitfalls made
But in the frost and snowe,
Nor wood-cocks in the glade
Could by the springes goe;
And not a bird that bare a winge,
But that would stoope unto his winge.

Then russet cloth and frize
Did walke the world about,
And no man would despise
The inside for the out:
But he that paide for what he spent,
Was welcome where so ere he went.

Then were there no devises
To draw on fond desires,
But chapmen knew the prices,
The sellers and the buyers:
And simple truthe no cunning usde,
How simple trust might be abusde.

The markets then were serv'd
With good sufficient ware,

And cattell were not starv'de,
When Mowcher and his mare
Would bring in such a sacke of rie,
As tried the miller's honestie.

Then John, and Joane, and Madge,
Were call'd the merry crew,
That with no drinke coulde fadge,
But where the fat they knew:
And though they knew who brew'd the ale,
Yet must it stand till it were stale.

Then was good fellowship
Almost in every house;
She would not hang the lip,
He would not knit the browes;
But he would smirke, and she would smile,
That all the house would laugh the while.

Then handkerchers were wrought
With names and true loves knots,
And not a wench was taught
A false stitch in her spots:
When roses in the gardaines grew,
And not in ribons on a shoe.

Then painting only serv'de
For paper, wood, and cloth:
When health was most preserv'de
By labour, not by sloth.

When fewe that did of phisike heare,
But they were stricken with a feare.

Then he that heard of warre,
Was in a wofull case;
Except it were so farre,
He could not feare the place:
When peace and plentie were so sweete,
As trode all fortunes under feete.

The taber and the pipe,
The bagpipe and the crowde;
When oates and rye were ripe,
Began to be alowde.
But till the harvest all was in,
The moris-daunce did not begin.

A citie from a towne
Then by his wall was seene;
And none did weare a crowne,
But either king or queene:
And ever upon Easter-day,
All Jack a Lents were cast away.

Then cloakes were for the raine,
And feathers but for beddes:
Sheepes russet would not staine,
There were no greenes nor reddes:
Carnation, crimson, yealow, blew,
Plaine people no such colours knew.

The horse, the cowe, the hogge,
 Were kept for worke and wealth:
The pus-cat and the dogge,
 For safegard from the stealth
Of rats, and mise, and wolfe, and foxe;
When fewe had keyes unto their lockes.

Then owles nor night ravens were
 No tellers of ill happes;
When faith had never feare
 Of any thunder-clappes;
But looke, what weather ever came,
Was welcome in God's holy name.

Then monkies, baboones, apes,
 And such il-favour'd creatures,
Of such straunge fashion'd shapes,
 Were hatefull to our natures:
When who heard tell but of a beare,
But he could scarcely sleepe for feare.

No parat, pie, nor dawe,
 Was idely taught to prate;
Nor scarce a man of lawe
 Was knowne in all the state;
While neighbors so like friends agreede,
That one supplide anothers neede.

The shepheard kept his sheepe,
 The goat-heard kept his heard,

And in the sunne would sleepe,
When were no vermin fear'd;
For every curre would barke or bite,
To put the wicked foxe to flight.

And then a good grey frocke,
A kercheffe, and a raile,
A faire white flaxen smocke,
A hose with a good waile,
A good strong leatherd winter shoe,
Was well, I wis, and better too.

Then, *I wis, well, goe too,*
Were words of no small worth;
When folkes knew what to doo
To bring their meanings forth;
And winke, and nod, and hem, and humme,
Could bring my finger to my thumb.

No cutting of a carde,
Nor cogging of a dye,
But it was wholly barde
All honest company;
And faire square plaie with yea and naie,
Who lost the game would quickly paie.

No matches then were set
For yonger brothers landes,
Nor usurers could get
Mens goods into their handes:

But such as had their wittes awake,
Could smell a knave before he spake.

And hardly in a yeere
A man should meete a thiefe;
When corne was nere so deere,
But poore folkes had reliefe:
And wickednes was loath'd so much,
That no man lov'd the tickle tuch.

Then love went not by lookes,
Wherein laie venim hid:
Nor words were angle-hookes,
When men knew what they did.
But honest hearts, and modest eies,
Did make the lovers paradise.

But now that world is changde,
And time doth alter creatures,
Whose spirits are estrang'de
From their owne proper natures:
While wofull eyes may weepe to see
How all things are, and what they bee.

Now every idle boye,
That sells his land for pearles,
Esteemes his wealth a toye
To give to idle girles:
While gracelesse love, in natures pride,
With sinne is never satisfide.

Now friends do oft fall out,
But seelde fall in againe;
While many goe aboute
To laie a wicked traine:
Where malice is so in request,
That kindnes knowes not where to rest.

Content is now unknowne
In either king or clowne:
A sight too common showne,
To see a mayden frowne:
When she is held a foolish creature,
That shewes to be of gentle nature.

The milke-maydes paile is sowre,
The shepheards cloake uncleane;
Where love hath not the power
To finde what fancies meane:
While faith doth so much falshood prove,
That many lye, which say they love.

Now observation findes
By all experience artes,
How Machavilian mindes
Do plaie the divels partes;
While love, (alas!) hath little grace
In worshipping a wicked face.

Now praise must follow pride,
And Flattery wayt on wealth;

And tongues to silence tide,
Except it be by stealth.
While he or she that cannot faine,
Must die a friend-ships foole in graine.

The seasons of the yeere
The shepheards do not know;
While mirth and merry cheere
To griefe and sorrow grow;
While if a couple kindly kisse,
The third thinkes somewhat is amisse.

Now sheepes-eies are so watcht,
That lambes can hardly sleepe;
For when the henne hath hateht,
Ere well the chicken peepe,
The buzzard and the kite so pray,
That halfe the brood is stolne away.

No butcher now can keepe
His flesh from blowing flies;
And maydes will lie and sleepe,
That doe not love to rise:
While every bedde so swarmes with fleas,
I wonder how they lie at ease.

Now neither wolfe nor foxe,
But can beguile the hound;
Nor gallant headed oxe
Will to a yoake be bound;

Nor drawing tit, but skorn'd who there,
Nor asse that will his burthen beare.

Wheate, barly, oates, and rie,
So like are in the blade,
That many a simple eye
May soone a foole be made:
While curdes, and creame, and ale and spice,
Will bring out but a poore device.

Now cockes dare scarcely crow,
For feare the foxe doe heare;
Nor shriche-owle, but will show
That winter time is neare:
And Philomeus, amid the spring,
So feares the worme, shee cannot sing.

And now when lovers meete,
It is a grieve to see
How heavily they greete,
And how they disagree:
While that the father's eies are blinde,
And that the mother is unkinde.

Delaies to neere disdaine,
Doe feede upon desire;
And breath is spent in vaine,
Where hopes are nere the nigher:
While Truth and Trust have too much proved,
They hardly find wher to be loved.

Now humble bees can live
 Upon the hony bees,
That not a drone dare drive,
 Unto the doted trees:
While he that workes not for his meate,
Will live upon another's sweate.

Now pitfalls are so made,
 That small birdes cannot know them;
No woodcockes in a glade,
 But netts can overthrow them;
And not a paltry carrion kite,
But braves a fauleon in his flight.

Now velvet, cloth of gold,
 And silkes of highest price,
Doth make the good free-holde
 Chaung title with a trice:
While he that spends and will not pay,
Is welcome, when he is away.

Now wordes of strange devises
 Doe cheate upon desires,
While cunning sellers prices
 Doe cosen simple buiers:
While truth is all so sildome used,
That honest trust is much abused.

The markets now are sarv'de
 With much unsavery ware,

And cattell often starv'de,
 When that the miller's mare
Can scarcely bring a sacke of rie,
That one may be a saver by.

Now John, and Joane, and Madge,
 Can make no merry crue,
The baily, with his badge,
 So braves it in his blue!
None dare discharge a carier,
For feare of maister officier.

And now from every house
 Good fellowship is gone,
And scarce a silly mouse
 Findes crummes to feede upon;
While lowre, and poute, and chafe, and champe,
Brings all the household in a dampe.

Now clockes are for the sunne,
 And feathers for the winde,
Sheepes russet to home spunne,
 While a fantasticke minde
Must have a colour strange and rare,
To make a mad man stand and stare.

The horse, the cowe, the hogge,
 Are chiefly kept for breed;
The pus-cat, and the dogge,
 To keepe the plough-man's feede;

While not a locke but hath a kay,
For feare the cupboard runne away.

Now owles and night-ravens are
 Ill fortune's prophecies;
When faithlesse spirits stare,
 If any storme arise:
And if the weather be not faire,
Why fooles are almost in dispaire.

Now monkies, baboones, apes,
 Are taught to pranke and prance,
While many a wizard gape
 To see a monster dance;
And not a woman that will feare
To see the baiting of a beare.

Now parats, pies, and dawes,
 Are finely taught to prate,
And worldes of men of lawe
 Are needful in the state:
Where neighbours live so unlike friends,
That men would judge them to be fiends

And now a satten gowne,
 A petticoate of silke,
A fine wrought bugle crowne,
 A smoeke as white as milke;
A colour'de hose, a pincked shooe,
Will scarcely make a tit come too.

Now as God judge my soule,
 Besides my faith and troth,
On every wassell bowle,
 Is thought a simple oth:
While stampe, and stare, and clapping handes,
Will scarce make up a begger's bandes.

Now sempsters few are taught
 The true stitch in their spots,
And names are sildome wrought
 Within the true loves knots;
And ribon-roses take such place,
That garden roses want their grace.

Now painting serves for faces,
 To make the fowle seeme faire,
And health in many places
 Must not abide the aire:
And few that have bene bit with fleas,
But runne to phisiecke for their ease.

Now warre makes many rich,
 That else had bene but poore;
And makes a souldiour itch,
 Till he have scratcht a boore;
For peace and plenty breed such pride,
As poore men's fortunes cannot bide.

The taber and the pipe
 Are now out of request;

And ere the ric be ripe,
The bird will leave the nest:
And moris dances doe begin
Before the harvest halfe be in.

Now many a townes mud wall
Doth put a citty downe,
And Mistresse Finicall
Doth weare a bugle crowne;
And many a rascall mal-content
Will make his Easter day in Lent.

Now cogge and foist that list,
Who will that wit gainesay?
That learnes fooles had-I-wist,
That will and cannot play:
While faire, and square, and pitch, and pay,
The gamster calls fooles holy-day.

Now worldes of matches set
For elder brothers landes,
And usury doth get
Great wealth into her hands;
While he that will not watch a knave,
May bring a begger to his grave.

Now hardly in a day,
But one shall meete a thiefe;
Where wealth is hid away,
And poore have no reliefe;

And wickednes is usde so much,
As who but loves the tickle tuch.

Now love goes so by lookes,
Men know not what they doo;
And wordes are poisoned hookes,
That catch, and kill men too;
While wicked hartes and wanton eies
Make hell, instead of paradise.

Now surely thus it is,
It is a wonderfull change;
Where all goes so amisse,
Or else my dreame is strange,
That shew'de me such a world of wo;
But God forbid it should be so.

For dreames are idle things,
And surely so is this;
For true apparance brings
No prooffe of such amisse:
But every thing in such good course,
As God forbid it should be worse.

For lovers must be kinde,
And neighbours must be friends;
And when the folkes have dinde,
Set up the puddings ends:
For tis an ancient rule in truth,
That thriftines is good in youth.

Olde men must have their saying,
And rich men must have place;
Sutors must bide delaying,
And children must say grace;
And thieues must hang and knaves must shift,
And silly fooles must have the lift.

And lawe must speake, wit judge,
Men live untill th[e]y die:
And Snot must be a snudge,
And love have leave to lie;
And wretches worke and wantons play,
And who can holde that will away?

And wagges must singe and dance,
And gamsters plot for gaine:
Who likes not of his chance,
Take by to helpe the maine:
For he that walkes without a head,
May quickly bring a foole to bed.

Women must have their wills,
Though men would say them nay:
Some are such needfull ills,
They cannot be away:
And he that gives the humme a hemme,
Will sometimes fall aboard with them.

The horse must have his hay,
The dogge must have a bone;

The duke must have a bay,
The hawke must have a stone,
And Jhon must not be kept from Joane,
For love can never live alone.

And therefore thus in brieve,
Let peace endure no strife;
Let no man offer grieve
Unto his neighbour's wife:
Let faire play passe through every hand,
And let him fall that cannot stand.

Let God be serv'd, obai'd,
The king both serv'd and lov'd;
Church honoured, duties paide,
Mallice from mindes remov'd:
And it may hap to come to passe,
To be as well as ere it was.

And blessed were the daies,
If so the world did goe,
That wit a thousand yaies,
Might reasons comfort knowe:
Whil birds might sing, and men might speak,
And malice might no musicke breake.

That eyes might looke their fill,
Words might be uncontroll'd;
And art might have the skill
To find the stone for gold:

And jealous eyes might all be blinde,
That overlooke a honest minde.

That wealth should have her grace
In liberalitie,
And honour give a place
To every qualitie:
While panders, jesters, fooles, and knaves,
Might walke about like silly slaves.

A word might be a band,
Where needles were an oth;
While yea and nay might stand
Instead of faith and troth;
And tuch and take, and pitch, and pay,
Might drive all cunning tricks away.

A winke, a nod, a smile,
Might shew the judgement just;
Where truth could not beguile,
Her honest meaning trust:
But one in two, and two in one,
Might make the merry world alone.

That quarrels might not grow
Of swaggering, nor quaffing,
But who begins heigh ho!
Might set the house a laughing;
When not a thought of villany
Might come in honest company.

And gossips might be merry,
And tattle when they meete,
And cheekes as red as cherry
Might shew the wine is sweete;
When lovers are in talke so sad,
As if they were alreadie had.

Power should be fearde for grace,
And lawe obey'd for love;
And vertue take her place,
In highest hopes behove;
And wisdom only honour God,
And so should sinne be overtrod.

Nought should be scorn'de but folly,
Nor in regard but reason,
And nothing lov'de but holy,
And nought in hate but treason;
And nought but slaunder banged,
And nought but murther hanged.

And then the world were well,
But when will it be so?
(Alas!) I cannot tell,
And therefore let it goe;
And as God will, so let it bee,
It shall be as it list for mee.

Let every man mend one,
And I will not be out;

And John be good to Joane,
Or else he is a lout,
And Peter weave what Parnell spunne;
Good night, John Line, and I have donne.

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 7, l. 1.—*And made their honest rimes.* Some of these may be seen in the collection of metrical proverbs, formed by Thomas Heywood about the middle of the sixteenth century. The “Sheepeheards Kalender,” a rare black-letter book, may also be considered an illustration of this passage. This latter work is a strange compound of different subjects, illustrated with hideous wood-cuts; but the following specimen, selected from the first part, may not be unacceptable.

November.

I, November, will not abyde behynde,
To shewe my kindly worthynesse and ure;
For in my time, the blastes of the wynde
Abateth leaves, and shedeth their verdure;
Wherefore every prudent creature
Ought for to lyve right as they would dye,
For all thinge taketh ende naturally.

December.

December every man doth me call,
In whose time the mother inviolate
Delivered was in an olde oxe-stall
Of Jesu Christ, Gods owne sonne incarnate,
Wherefore I thinke me the most fortunate
Of all the other, to whome praye we then,
That we may come unto his blisse. Amen.

The beginnings and ends of the foure seasons of the yeare.

The frste prime time that thus doth begin,
From myd February unto myd May,
And from myd May sonner is entred in,
To myd August, and then is harvest day;
And from that tyme Wynter entreth alway
On saynt Clementes day, who so taketh heede,
And myd February it fayleth in deede.

Thus endeth the prayse of the twelve monthes, with the beginnings and endes of the foure quarters. And after foloweth the fygure for to knowe in what sygne the moone is every day.

P. 9, l. 4.—*Doted*. That is, rotten or decayed at the top. The term is still in use in the Eastern counties.

P. 10, l. 7.—*Fadge*. To fit, to suit. The word is not uncommon in our early writers.

Would I sweat too! I'm monstrous vex'd, and cold too;
And these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in.
Clothes I must get; this fashion will not *fadge* with me;
Besides, 'tis an ill winter wear.

Wit without Money, iii. 4.

P. 11, l. 10.—*Crowde*. That is, a fiddle.

P. 11, l. 14.—*The moris-daunce did not begin*. A curious notice of this once popular amusement, which serves to show the season to which it was formerly restricted. Compare p. 22. For information respecting it, we can hardly do better than refer the reader to Douce's well-known essay on the subject.

P. 11, l. 20.—*Jack a Lents*. Puppets at which boys threw endgels in the Lent season. They are alluded to by Shakespeare, and contemporary writers.

Which, since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins
For untagg'd points and counters!

The Woman's Prize, iv. 4.

P. 12, l. 7.—*Owles nor night ravens.* The harbingers of death and misfortune.

Bring forth that fatall scrich owle to our house,
That nothing sung to us but bloud and death.

The True Tragedie, 1595.

P. 13, l. 11.—*I wis.* In early writers, *i-wis* is of course an adverb; but there can be little doubt that it was afterwards regarded as a pronoun and a verb, as in the present instance. The phrase *goe too* is employed by Mrs. Quickly, in the “Merry Wives of Windsor.”

P. 14, l. 15.—*But now, &c.* A great deal of what follows is merely repetition of the previous portion.

P. 14, l. 23.—*Esteemes.* *Fsteemes* in the original.

P. 15, l. 2.—*Secldde.* That is, seldom.

P. 16, l. 23.—*Now.* *How* in the original.

P. 20, l. 14.—*To see the baiting of a beare.* Compare the scene between Mistress Anne Page, and Master Slender, in the “Merry Wives of Windsor;” and a curious description of bear-baiting by Hentzner, as practised in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

THE END.

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

POETICAL MISCELLANIES

FROM

A MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION

OF

THE TIME OF JAMES I.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S.

HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE following pieces are selected from a much larger collection of similar poems preserved in a manuscript volume (12mo.) of the time of James I, which has recently come into the possession of Mr. Andrews, a well-known bookseller at Bristol, and to whose liberality I am indebted for the opportunity of making use of it in this way for the Percy Society. Various collections of the like kind are to be found in our public libraries, but I know of few more curious or interesting than the present, and the entire manuscript is worthy of careful consideration. As in other cases, so varied are the sources from which such MSS. are derived,—printed books, ballads, and private documents of the time,—one great difficulty arises from the certainty that no extent of reading will enable us to say positively that any particular piece has not been previously printed, unless a source is indicated in some way or other in the

original. It is, therefore, not improbable that some such sources may have been overlooked in this instance, although they have not at present occurred to those who might reasonably be expected to have detected them, the contents of the following pages having been submitted to several gentlemen peculiarly well read in this department of literature. Should, however, any oversights of the kind be observed, it is hoped that the extreme difficulty of effectually providing against them will not be forgotten.

J. O. H.

22nd Feb. 1845.

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

I.

O, THOU prodigious monster, moste accurst,
What makes thou here in men's societie?
Back to those desarts where thou hast byn nurst
By brutish beastes of rudest qualitie.
And yet in wildest desart beasts are borne,
Whose natures do thi beastlike natur scorne.

And they, I thinke, together have conspir'd
To hunt thee out of that their habitacion,
Because they fear'd thou woldst have them requird
To harken to thy hatefull education;
If so, they much deserv'd to be commended,
Who from thiselfe have so themselves defended.

But if of beastes thou hast byn thus rejected,
Why shouldst thou hope of men to b' intertaind?
Oh, thou dost know men's thoughts are all infeeted,
And some whose natures, worse then beasts, are
stain'd;

Which stained natures certaine hope doth gaine thee,
Though beasts reject thee, men will intertaine thee!

And sure I see thou hast not misconceived,
For thou hast found such as thou thoughtst to finde,
Who beare the forme of men, but are bereav'd
Of all good properties of humane kinde.
Thus hast thou thought moste fitt to beare thi name,
Which is ingratitude, reprochefull shame!

Vild boldfac'd beast! why, shamst thou not to dwell
In this our region of the upper earth?
Avaunt, for shame, post down to deepest hell,
Which is the place of thy unhappy birthe!
There foule Oblivion, as he doth confess,
Begatt thee; no, that hagg Unthankfulness.

Thou maist reply that I have thee misus'd
By taxinge thee before thou givst me cause;
I must confess thou hast not me abus'd,
But thou hast violat'd those sacred lawes
Of humane nature, due obedience,
And, therefore, would I drive thee downe from hence.

If thou couldst have containd thi wretched wrong
In compass of the vulgar sorte of men,
I had not searcht into that thrustinge thronge,
Thus to detest thee with my rurall pen.
But thou dost deale more perfidiously
In wronging hir whose fault shall never dy.

Dread sacred lady! my late soveraigne quene!

Tis thi great worth this worthles wretch would blott;
Whose like was never, nor shall ere be seene,

Great shame, therefore, thou art so soone forgott.
Yet shalt thou never be forgot of mee,
Though such forgett thee as were raisd by thee!

Though suche forget thee as were rais'd by thee,

Yet will thy vertues rare themselves preserve;
And those that can discerne what vertues bee

Will give thee truly that thou didst deserve.
But suche as serv'd for nought but private gaine,
Did shew their mindes when thou didst cease to raigne.

They served thee but to serve themselves by thee,

Yet when thou didst survive they did adore thee;
But since thou didst deceass, I can nott see

That any of them now daignes to deplore thee.
Suche misery on princes lyves attend,
That whilst they live thei cannot know their frend.

And thou, great princess, hadst of theis thi share,

Els had thy glory passed Cintheas lighte!
For in thi minde were placed vertues rare,
Yet ill advise did sometimes dym thi sighte.
This prooffe, therefore, upon thy life depend,
That flatterers cannott be princes frend.

If this be graunted, then inferr we may

The number of thy frends was very small;

Though numbers did attend thee day by day,
Thou hardly hadst a friend amongst them all!
For as they fedd thee then with flattery,
They now forgett the moste ungratefully.

Yet one there is which on thee did attend,
Whose minde immaculate doth well retaine
The duties both of servaunt and of friend,
Which she professed when thou here didst raigne.
That beast, Ingratitude, canot infect hir,
For true religious zeale doth safe protect hir.

Thrice honored Theana, thou art she
Whose modesty hath wonne immortall fame;
Thou honorest deceased soveraintie,
And, therefore, dost deserve an honor'd name.
For when she liv'd you chastly didst attend hir,
And being dead, you chastely didst defend hir.

Thy noble name of right should be inrold
In lines of everlastinge memorie;
For thy pure minde doth well itselfe unfold,
That it discende from true nobilitie.
True noble mindes do yeld true noble deedes,
But base-bred thoughts nought els but basenes breeds.

And if Eliza had byn furnished
With none but suche attendants as thyselfe;
Hir fame then had not byn diminished
By suche as did attend for nought but pelfe.

God graunt he that succedes may well peruse hir,
And free himselfe of suche as did abuse hir.

II.

A LOTTERY PROPOSED BEFORE SUPPER AT THE LO: CHIEF
JUSTICE HIS HOUSE, IN THE FIRST ENTRANCE TO HIR
MAJESTIE, LADIES, GENTLEWOMEN, AND STRAUNGERS,
1602.

Hir Majestie. Wheeles.

FORTUNE must now no more in triumph ride,
Yours are the wheeles that did hir chariot guide.

La. Darby dowager. A purse.

You thrive, or would, or may, your lot's a purse;
Fill it with gold and you are ne'r the worse.

La. Darby the yonger. A ringe with a posy.

Your hand by fortune on this ringe doth lighte,
And yet the word doth fitt your humour righte.

La. Worcester. A nutmegge.

This nutmegg hath a blank, but chance doth hide it,
Write you your wish, and fortune will provide it.

La. Cumberland. A fallinge band.

Fortune would have you rise, yet guides your hand
From other lotts to take a fallinge bande.

La. Warwick. A snufkin.

Tis sommer, yet a snufkin is your lot;
But twilbe winter one day, doubt you not.

La. Kildare. A girdle.

By fortune's girdle happy may you bee,
Yet they that are less happie are moste free.

La. Darothy. A bodkin.

Even by this bodkin you may live unharmed,
Your bewty is with vertue so well armed.

La. Howard of Effingham. A paire of writinge tables.

Theis tables may containe your thoughts in part,
But write not all is written in your harte.

La. Susan Vere. A blanke.

Wote you why Fortune gives to you no prise?
Good faith, she saw you not, she wants her eies!

La. Ann Clifford. A lace.

Give hir the lace that loves to be strait-laced,
Litle-go fortunes laced guifte is aptly placed.

La. Southwell. A paire of gloves.

Fortune theis gloves to you in double chalenge sends,
For you hate fools and flatterers, hir best frends.

La. Scroope. A maske.

Want you a maske, here fortune gives you one,
Yet Nature gives the rose and lilly none.

La. Pagett. Garters.

Though you have Fortune's garters, you will bee
More stayd and constant in your steps then shee.

Mrs. Bridges. Pointes.

You are in every point a lover true,
And therefore Fortune gives theis points to youe.

Mrs. Thinne. A fanne.

You love to see and yet to be unseene,
Take you a fann to be your bewties screene.

Mrs. Wharton. A chaine.

Because you scorne love's captive to remaine,
Fortune hath sworne to leade you in a chaine.

Mrs. Nevill. A necklace.

Fortune gives your faire neck this lace to weare,
God graunt a heavier burden it never beare.

Mrs. Southwell. A plaine ringe.

Fortune hath sent you, happ it well or ill,
A plaine gold ringe to wedd you to your will.

Mrs. Anslow. A cushionet.

To hir that little cares what lott she winnes,
Chaunce gives hir this cushionett for hir pinns.

La. Digby. A prayer booke.

Your fortune will prove good another day,
In the meane time take you this booke to pray.

Mrs. Drury. A blank.

You faine would have, but what you cannot tell;
If Fortune give you nothing, she doth well.

La. Walsingham. A stomacher.

This stomacher is full of windowes wrought,
Yet none through them can looke into your thought.

La. Knevitt. A glass.

Blinde fortune doth not see howe faire you bee,
It gives a glass that you yourselfe may see.

La. Newton. A sizer case.

This sizer doth your huswifry bewray,
You love to work, though you be borne to play.

Mrs. Hide. A pair of knives.

Fortune doth give theis paire of knives to you,
To cutt the thred of love if 't be not true.

Mrs. Stranguidge. A coyfe and crosscloth.

Frowne in good earnest, or be sick in jest,
This coyfe and crosscloth will become you best.

Mother of the Maides. A scarfe.

Take you this scarfe, binde Cupid hand and foote,
So Love shall you leave before he shoote.

Mrs. Vavasour. A handkerchiefe.

Whither you seeme to weepe, or weepe indeede,
This handkerchief will stand you well in steede.

A country wenche. A pair of sheres.

You whisper many tales in many eares,
To clipp your tongue your lot's a paire of sheares.

A country wenche. An apron.

You love to make excuses for all thinges,
An apron is your lott, which hath no stringes.

A country wench. A reele.

You are high in the instepp, short in the heele,
Your head is giddy, your lott is a reele.

No name. A blanke.

Nothinge is your lott, that's more then can be told,
For nothinge is more worth then pretious gold.

No name. A blank.

Fortune is bountifull, and from hir store
Gives you as much as you were worth before.

No name. A blank.

Tis pittie such a hand should draw in vaine,
Though it gives nought, yet shall it pittie gaine.

Mrs. Hastings. A blank.

You are so dainty to be pleas'd, God wot,
Chaunce knowes not what to give you for your lott.

No name. A diall.

This diall's yours; watch time, least it be lost,
Yet they moste lose their time that watch it most.

No name. A blanke.

For all thy witt, Fortune might favour thee,
For God forbidd all fooles should happy bee.

III.

THE COUNSELL OF A FREND, HEARINGE A PURPOSE OF
MARRIAGE BY ANOTHER.

In choice of wife preferr the modest chaste,
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell;
The sweetest face by age is soone disgraest,
Then choose thy wife by witt, and lyving well.
Who bringes thee wealth and many faultes withall,
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

MY CHOICE IS MADE.

Bewty in bodie, vertu's in hir minde,
And well descended of gentility;
Constant of faith, and alwaies to me kinde,
Few are hir yeares, greate her ability.
Such is my love, on hir is my delighte,
My candle wasts, now I must bid good night.

GILES CODRINTON.

IV.

A GENTLEWOMAN THAT MARRIED A YONG GENT., WHO AFTER
FORSOOKE HIR, WHEREUPPON SHE TOOKE HIR NEEDLE,
IN WHICH SHE WAS EXCELENT, AND WORKED
UPON HIR SAMPLER THUS:

COME, give me needle, stitch cloth, silke, and chaire,

That I may sitt and sigh, and sow and singe,

For perfect collour to discribe the aire,

A subtile persinge changinge constant thinge.

No false stitch will I make, my hart is true,

Plaine stitche my sampler is for to complaine,

How men have tongues of hony, harts of rue.

True tongues and harts are one, men makes them
twaine.

Give me black silk, that sable suites my hart,

And yet som white, though white words do deceive,

No green at all, for youth and I must part,

Purple and blew, fast love and faith to weave.

Mayden, no more sleepeless Ile goe to bedd,

Take all away, the work works in my hedd.

V.

S. R. IN DEFENCE OF LOVE.

SUCH as are skilless in all skill or art
To teache the skilfull, shew their witles braine,
Except such of wounds have felt the smart,
Proof doth us teache none rightly knows the paine,
He that was never knowne who would against
exclaime;
Even so he that ne'r lov'd folly great doth showe
Not skil'd to blame a thinge he doth not knowe.

Right so, he that hath lov'd as now I doe,
And yet still must, should favour show, for why,
Deserve he did the censure I now do,
For once he was a foole as well as I,
Or els my love I well may justifie;
Regard thou that which age may disallowe,
Do think that thou wert yong as I am now.

VI.

If all the earthe were paper white,
And all the sea were incke,
Twere not inough for me to write,
As my poore hart doth thinke.

VII.

ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

WILYE WATT, wilie Wat,
Wots thou not and know thou what,
Looke to thy forme and quat
In towne and citie.

Freshe houndes are on thy taile,
That will pull downe thy saile,
And make thy hart and quaile,
Lord for the pittie.

Lordshipp is flagg'd and fled,
Captainshipp newly sped,
Dried is the hogshead's hed,
Wilie Wat wilie.

Make the best of thy plea,
Least the rest goe awaie,
And thou brought for to saie
Wily beguilie.

For thy skaunce and pride,
Thy bloudy minde beside,
And thy mouth gaping wide,
Mischievous Machiavell.

Essex for vengeance cries,
 His blood upon the lies,
 Mounting above the skies,
 Damnable fiend of hell,
 Mischevous Matchivell!

VIII.

ON THE SAME.

Water thy plaints with grace divine,
 And trust in God for aye,
 And to thy Saviour Christ incline,
 In Him make stedfast staye.

Rawe is the reason that doth *lie*
 Within thy treacherous head,
 To say the soule of man doth die,
 When that the corpse is dead.

Nowe may you see the soodaine fall
 Of him that thought to clime full hie,
 A man well knowne unto you all,
 Whose state you see doth stand Rawlie.

Time did he take when time did serve,
 Now is his time neare spent;
 Even for himselfe he craved still,
 And never would relent.

For he hath run a retchless race,
Which now hath brought him to disgrace;
You that do see his soodaine fall,
A warninge be it to you all.

IX.

ON THE SAME.

WATT, I wot well thy overweeninge witt,
Lead by ambitious humours, wrought thy fall,
Like Phaeton, that did presume to sitt
In Phœbus chaire to guide the golden ball,
Which overturn'd did sett the worlde on fire,
And burnt himselfe in prime of his desire.

So thou that didst in thought aspire so lie
To manage the affaires for Englands crowne,
And didst, like Icarus, attempt to flie
Beyond thy limitts, now art tumbling downe.
Thy waxen winges are melted by the sunne,
And in thy falle the thred of life is spunn.

From thee the sonne doth turne away his face,
From thee the pale-fac'd moone doth take hir flight,
From thee the starres do fall away apace,
From thee thy frends are fled and shun thy sight.
All fly from thee, exceptinge only hope,
Which yet to breathe sad accents give thee scope.

Thou hast byn counted passinge wise and wittie,
 Hadst thou hast grace high treason to avoyed;
 Then give me leave, dread soveraigne Lord, to pittie
 So rare a witt should be so ill imployed.
 Yea suche a witt as I could praise in reason
 For any point, exceptinge only treason.

I pittie that the sommers nightingale,
 Immortall Cinthia's sometime deare delight,
 That us'd to singe so sweete a madrigale,
 Should like an owle go wanderer in the nighte,
 Hated of all, but pittied of none,
 Though swanlike now he makes his dyinge mone.

Hadst thou continued loyall to the kinge,
 As to the quene thou evermore was true,
 My muse thy praise might uncontrolled singe,
 Which now is forest thy dismall happ to rue.
 And in theis sable characters to wrighte
 The dounfall of a sometime worthy knighte.

Ah! where is Cinthia now, whose golden thred
 Mighte leade thee from this laborinth of errours?
 She to hir soliar celestiall back is fled,
 And nothinge lefte for thee but shame and terrours.
 Thy candle is put out, thy glass is ronue,
 The grave must be thy tombe when all is done!

Proude Gaveston and both the Spencers fell,
 Yet theis were sometime favorites of a kynge,

But thou against thy soveraigne didst rebell,
Which to thy conscience needes must be a sting;
Ill was their happ, farr worse is thy estate,
Whom both the prince doth scorne and people hate.

Humilitie in statesmen is a praise,
Yet to imbrace this vertue thou didst scorne,
Supposinge that faire Cinthia's golden daies
Should still on earth this iron age adorne.
The common people that did hate thy pride,
In chaunge of state thy follies do deride.

Renowned Essex, as he past the streets,
Woulde vaile his bonnett to an oyster wife,
And with a kinde of humble congie greete
The vulgar sorte that did admire his life:
And now sith he hath spent his livinge breath,
They will not cease yet to lament his death.

But thou, like Midas, surfettinge with golde,
Those gentle salutacions didst reject;
And when thou wast in greatest pompe extolde,
Not poore mens love but feare thou didst effect.
This makes those men, whom thou didst lately scorne,
Disdaine thee now, and laugh, while thou dost moorne.

Perhapps, likewise, that Essex angrie spirite
Pursues thy life and for revenge doth crie,
And so the heavens, accordinge to thy merite,
In his behalfe do acte this tragedie.

Essex was made the prologue to the playe,
Which thou didst penn in an unluckie daye.

Herein the kinge should play a tragique parte,
 Graye as a champion stoutly should have fought,
Rawleigh should play the divell by his arte,
 Cobham should play the foole as he was taught;
Lame Brooke should holde the booke and sitt him
To prompt if any mist or acted ill. [still,

This tragedy was plotted but not acted,
 Herein was treason cunningly contrived;
By thee, O Rawlye, was the same compacted,
 For which of worldly joye thou art deprived:
Thy life, thy wealth, thy liberty and lande,
Only at mercy of the kinge doth stande.

If please the kinge to pardon thy offence,
 No doubt thou maist a faithfull subject prove,
And by thy witt and wisdomes quintessence
 Recover to thyselfe thy soveraignes love.
But little hope remaines when faith is fled,
And when thy handes seeke bloud beware thi head.

God that foresaw thy treason did reveale it,
 And blest the kinge in crossinge thy intent;
In vaine could man by policie conceale it,
 When heaven against thi purposes is bent:
And man that unto worldlinges seemeth wise
Is but a foole to Him that rules the skies.

X.

WHAT IS LOVE?

To late I finde that love is nought
But folly and an idle thought;
A restles passion of the minde,
A laborinth of errors blinde;
A bitter sweete, a pleasant sowre,
Got in a yeare, lost in an howre;
A sugred poyson mixt with gall,
A thraldome free, a freedom thrall,
Whose longe pursuit brings little gaine,
Uncertain pleasure, certaine paine;
A very sicknes of the thought,
Coneeyt of pleasure deerely bought;
Regarding neither right nor wronge,
For short delight repentance longe;
A sighinge sorrow mixt with gladnes,
Feare with hope, and hope with madnes;
A chillinge colde, a wondrous passion,
Exceedinge man's imagination;
Which none can tell in whole ne part,
But only he that feeles the smart.
Errors in time may be redrest,
The shortest follies are the best;
The difference is twixt Love and mee,
That he is blinde, and I can see.

XI.

THE moone doth change; yet not so strange,
The tyme is knowne full well;
But women's mindes change as the windes,
The time can no man tell.

XII.

A DREAME.

WHILE as the scilent shady night
did with hir curteins blak
Orecover Rheas fruitfull face,
and beinge cold and wake,
By simpathy with mortall braines
our members make of lead,
And stealing all our sences,
make us lye a while as dead.
Then while I was in this estate,
the god with golden winges,
Who entringe at the ports of horne,
so manie monsters bringes,
And chaunginge into sundry shapes
by straunge and subtile sleight,

Doth make us heare without our eares,
and see but eies or lighte;
And by the hand of mistres lead,
lo! here she is, quoth hee,
This strange and subtill god, I say,
that late appeard to mee;
Sayinge, whose presence breedes as many joyes
as absence breedes the woes,
Lo, here the harbrowe of thy hart,
lo! here thy onely chois!
Lo, here she is whom for thou treads
the stately forked hill,
Whose pleasant grace beginns to fade,
So tramped by thee still!
Lo, here she is who makes the drinke
the silver christall springe,
Of flyinge-horse and ridinge foule,
as auncient poets singe.
Lo, here the subject and the winges
of thy high flyinge verse,
That mounts above the flamie vautes,
and to the heaven doth perse.
With this me thought she bow'd hir downe,
and joynd the rubies sine,
That hide hir ivorie ranks and smell
of nectar unto mine.
Sine with hir hand soft and silke hand
about my neck she layes
A tablet and an amethist,
and scilent slipps hir wayes;

But lo! my mind so passiond was,
and hart so stird withall
With joye extreame, as made them sone
my sences to recall.
And looke howe soone from sluggish sleepe
I perfectly awooke,
Even as the first, O miracle!
into my hand I tooke.
Theis tokens hoonge about my neck,
as I had dreamd before;
What deity, quoth I, amaz'd,
for this shall I adore?
Some god or angell surely hath
This present to me brought,
For if on any natural dreames
had ravish'd byn my thought,
Then either of the humours fowre,
the chiefe that did abounde,
By simpatheie with brethren fowre,
whereof was form'd this rounde;
And with the seasons of the yeare,
would vexed have my braine.
If bloud domin'd with bloudy jarres,
in spring time, and againe,
If choler raign'd with raveninge fires,
in sommers parchinge heate,
If fleagme did with drowninge flouds,
when Hiades hold their seate,
If melancholy earth and nighte,
with heavy thinges and blake,

When frozen Saturne rules with snowe,
the place would surely take,
Or els the thinges I last had thought,
had don or wisht to be,
They had, although imperfectly,
in dreame appear'd to me.
And so by nature had I dream'd
the thinge I dream'd indeede,
For I confest that Idee oft
my ravisht mind doth feede;
But then howe soone I had awakt,
and Morphe flowne away,
No token had he left behind,
as now this wedd it lay.
Then countinge it some heavenly guift,
and sent me from above,
I cast me narrowly to guess
what could the meaninge prove;
And so begun both up and downe
to toss, to viewe, to spie
The tablet and the amatheist,
their secreates for to trie.
Thou Lician lord, that deitie
whome Delphos did adore,
Whose shininge coache do saphires blew,
and rubies read decore,
The sacred sisters' monarch great,
the spirit that did inspire
With oracles the sibills sage,
inflam'd with heavenly fire!

O thou that misteries can reveale,
and future thinges foresees,
Assist my seekinge out of this,
and open cleare mine eies.
The amethyst in forme of hart,
doth signifie the hart,
And constant love unchangeable,
that is uppon my part;
And as the collors of this stone
are purple mixt with gray,
So flames my love of earthly parts,
consume me day by day.
The secreat vertues that are hidd
into this pretious stone,
Endue me with meete qualities,
for servinge suche a one.
For as this stone by secreat force,
can soveraignly remead
Theis dazeled braines, whome Bacchus streinth
ore-comes as they were dead;
And can preserve us from the harme
of the invenom'd stinge
Of poisoned cupps, that to our tombe
untimely doth us bringe;
So hope I still to be preserv'd
by vertue from above,
From staggering like a drunken man,
or waveringe into love.
But by the soveraigne antidote of hir
whome still I serve,

In spite of all the poisoned lookes
of dames, I shall not swerve;
And furthermore, with courage bolde
this stone can furnishe mee,
That with my conqueringe hand I may
inforce my foes to flee;
For sure he cannott worthy be,
to be accounted deare
By any dame, that in his breast
a woman's hart doth beare.
And, therefore, for my part I vowe,
if as the rumour be,
Of broiles and jarres I happen in,
effect the same to see;
I shall not from the enimies
in any way remove,
Unkithinge once in honour of
my mistress and my love.
For only not I conquerd were be,
And only will I yeeld
To Cupid's shott, whose fryr dartes
resist might never shield.
And lastly, as this stone hath force
a hunter for to aide,
In end to catche his pray, (the fruite
of all his travailes made).
So as I am a prentice past
into that princely game, [rocks,
Whose hounds and hornes through woods and
make cecho answer thame;

I trust by vertue of this stone
to winn and hold the pray,
That prays on me, and is of all
my passion'd thoughts the stay.
But lo! I longe to turne me to
the tablett made of gold;
And all within and out the same,
at length for to beholde.
Of purest gold this table made,
Which by the fire is fin'd,
Hir chastnes pure doth represent,
in body both and minde;
The cralinge scores of ameling blaks,
that on the golde are wroughte,
The divers passions represent,
that walter in hir thoughte.
One of the leaves on outer side
a naked man doth beare,
Whome Phœbus rosts without reflex,
and stinginge flyes do teare;
Yet sittinge in the forrests greene,
as senceless of his harme,
By harmony of vyols sweete,
he never irkes to charme.
The ravisht fowles and beasts about,
accomptinge so their joy,
As makes him quite for to forgett
his grievous sore annoy.
This man not only represents
hir siren voice divine,

(Whose charminge notes make hardest
hartes, and dullest cares incline).
But as his ditty saith, she please
the rest, he suffers paine,
So she hir princess serves of love
without respect of gaine.
The other on the outer side
the sonne hath shininge bright,
Into the middes with starres about,
but dazeled by his light;
And as that ditty saies, as sunn
amonges the starres doth shine,
So she hir sex surpasseth farr
in vertues moste divine.
That sunn, whom of I sang before,
whose absence made me flee
Above the skies, O sunne, to seeke
hir shadowe into thee;
But if into theise former verse,
I soard with eagles winges,
Then, mistres, thanke yourself for them
that by your vertue singes.
But greatest comfort is to me
to view the inner part,
Whereas a hand doth hold, methink,
my onely mistress hart;
While Cupid, with his bended bow
and golden arrowe, aime
To shoot his subtill firye shafte,
for pearcinge of the same.

But that hir hand doth hold hir hart,
I take it for to bee,
That willingly she letts hir hart
be shott into for mee.
The other on the inner side
All emptie doth remain,
Which, if my guess deceive me not,
is ordaind to contain
The art of some Apelles fine,
the portrait of hir face,
To give unto the workmanship
of all the rest a grace.
For as the rest doth represent
hir qualities moste rare,
So should himself, though vively no,
Yet best it can be thare.
And sure the gods above they have
Decreed (as seemes to me)
That as the tablett and the stone
both knitt together be
Even by a stringe, the tablett like
to hir, to me the stone,
So shall our harts, while Atrope cutt
the thredd, be knitt in one.
Thus have I read my dreame, ye see,
with wise Apollo's aide,
And if this be the very truth
that I herein have saide,
Then am I glad of suche a guess;
but if I be deceaved,

And in the openinge up a dreame
have either dream'd or reaved,
Yet welcome be a good deceit,
for as into my sleepe
My dreame rejoyc'd me, so my guess
in gladnes doth me keepe.
Now may ye see, O Titan mine,
no distaunce farr of place,
Nor other thoughts can out of me
the thoughte of you deface;
In absence are ye present still,
and ever so in sighte;
No wonder is what monarch may
Resist a woman's mighte!

XIII.

THE happie life is that which all desire,
But yet the same is unto all unknowne;
Some thinke it is in them that may aspire
To that they wishe, which is not of their owne.
But I suppose the happie life to rest
In scorninge all which is esteemed best.

For worldly pompe, commands, and kingdoms large,
And treasures all that earth and seas can yeld,

The more receiv'd the more accompt in charge,
Hard to obtaine, moste harde from loss to shield
By theft, debate, warr, treason, and their traine;
Eche seekes the same with greedines to gaine.

For bewty, strength, and praise of finest witt,
Bruite beasts excell therein in ev'ry kinde;
And from the same we are provided fitt,
Of chiefe effects which we by nature finde.
Faire bewty, strength, the finest witt, and all
Do often prove the owner's greater fall.

That bewty, strength, and witt, if wisdomes guide,
Are things of pride, and do excell, indeede,
All other thinges, by sight of eye descride,
But secreat lyes that happy life doth breede;
And harbour'd is in worthines of minde,
Wherein one may a stately kingdome finde.

The dyademe is liberty of minde,
The scepter power to yeld to eche his due;
The sword is force by vertue power devin'd,
To cutt of vice and vertue to ensue.
The counsell grave, that do support the state,
Is feare of God, which sinn and vice doth hate.

The subjects are th' affections of the minde,
Which will rebell, if they be not restrain'd;
Which who so rules a government shall finde,
Of state command, and not with ease attain'd.

The meane to keepe theis subjects still in awe,
Is reason pure, the ground and life of lawe.

For mightiest kinges and monarchs of the earth,
And men of state, that beare the greatest sway,
Even over them such rule affection beareth,
That to the same, as subjects they obay.
So he which his affections subjects bringes,
Doth rule the same that overruleth kinges.

The treasure great that doth maintayne the state,
Contentment is, with that which may suffice;
Aboundance breedes contention and debate,
But one content is happy, riche, and wise.
So he that liste a happie life to finde,
Must seeke the same in vertues of the minde.

XIV.

IN PRAISE OF PEACE WITH THE SPAINNE.

O LORD of hostes, thou God of peace,
Whose workes are seene in ev'ry thinge,
Thy blessings daily do increase,
Upon our realmes and on our kinge.
All glorie to that Majesty,
That makes this league of unity!
Sound organs, cornets, cherefull voice,
For happy peace lett all rejoyce.

Where hatred, battell, sword, and warre,
 In former raigne bare swinge and sway;
 Our peacefull kinge, to end that jarr,
 By league hath tane the same away.
 Longe may this league continue sure,
 And shall our love for ay endure.
 Sound organs, cornets, &c.

Let songes of praise and thankes be had,
 For kinge, for quene, for prince, for peace;
 Let prayers evermore be made,
 That subjects' love may never cease.
 So shall we live in quiet rest,
 And kinge and subjects both be blest!
 Sound organs, cornetts, &c.

 XV.

 A SONNETT.

My muse hath made a wilfull lye I grant;
 I sange of sorrowes never felt by me.
 I have als great occasion for to vant,
 My love begunn my blissing for to be.
 Howe can I then excuse so lowde a lye?
 O yes I did it even at hir desire,

Who made me suche success in love to see,
How soone hir love had sett my hart on fire.

Since for hir sake I press for to aspire,
To preache of passions that I never proved ;
What should ye do that have for haples hire,
The luckless lott of love, and not be loved?
Your plaintes I think should move the starry skies,
And dent the gods with shrill and carefull cries.

Suppose, madam, I ought not to refuse
What ye request, or pleases to desire,
Yet may I justly make my owne excuse,
In that which last it pleased you to require.
Longe since, forsooth, my muse begun to tire,
Through daily faschery of my owne affaires,
Which quencht in me that heavenly furious fire,
In place whereof came sad and thornie cares,
Which restlessly no time nor season spares,
To spoile me of my former pleasures quite;
Who wont before to use some other wares,
Or exercis'd some other workes to write;
Now are Castalia's flouds dried up in mee,
Like sodaine showres this time of yeare ye see.

But what, madam, and shall I then denie
Your just demaund, and disobey the same?
No, ye, even ye shall carry to the skie
My barren verse, and shall my muse inflame.

Was it not onely your inchantinge fame,
Who on hir wings aloft did carry me
From native soyle, to follow on your name,
And eagle-like on Thetis hue to flie?
Where she commaunded Neptune for to be
My princely guard and Triton, to attend
On artificiall flyinge towres of tree,
Wherein I restinge ran to journeys end.
Then since your fame hath made me fly before,
Well may your name my verses now decore.

O, cruell Cupid, what a ruthles rage,
What hatefull wrath thou utters upon me!
No medicine my sicknes may asswage,
No cataplasme can cure my wound I see.
Through dead shott alive I daily die,
I frye in flames of that invenim'd dart,
Which shott me sicker in at either eie,
Sin festned fast in my tormented hart!
The fever hath infected every part,
My bones are dried, their marrow melts away;
My sinnowes feeble through my soaking smart,
And all my bloud, as in a pan doth play.
I onely wish for ease of all my paine,
That she might weet what sorrow I sustaine.

Come, fruitful thoughts, that fertill ever flowes,
And shew what sorrowes smite my heavy hart;
The more I muse, my grieve the greater growes,
And painfull panges of passions play their part.

My evill it is incurable by arte,
And keepes a contrare course to natur cleene;
My minde delightes to pause upon hir smart,
And feede on flames though secreat and unseene.
But as my breast a butt full longe hath byn
Of sightles shots, so, on the other side,
O, ye, my harts allurer, by my eyn,
Respect with ruth the bale I daily bide.
Then since we both like sorrow do sustaine,
Both press to turne in pleasure all our paine.

As man, a man am I composed all
Of brethren fowre, that did the world compone,
Yet suche a chaunce doth unto me befall,
As I of mankinde all am he alone,
Who of the fowre possesses onely one;
My flames of love to firy heaven be past;
My aire in sighes evanish'd is, and gone,
My wakenes into teares distilling fast.
Now onely earth remaines with me at last,
That am denuded of the other three;
Then, cruell dame, since unto suche a cast
Your onely love hath thus compelled me,
Send als my earth with earth for to remaine,
Or els restore me to myselfe againe.

Although that crooked crawlinge Vulean lie
An-under ashes cold (as oft we see),
As senceless dead, while by his heate he drie
The greene and fizinge fagotts made of tree;

Yet will that little sponke and flaminge eie

Blaze bravely forth, and sparklinge all abreede,

With wandlinge up (a wondrous sight to see),

Kith cleerely shine, and on the fagotts feede.

So am I forced to confess indeede

My sponke of love, smorde under coles of shame;

By bewties force, the fostrer of that seede,

Now buds and bursts in an appearinge flame!

But since your bewty hath this wonder wrought,

I hope, madam, it shall not be for nought.

O, woman's witt, that wavers with the winde!

Whom none so well may wavy now as I;

As weather-cock thy stableness I finde,

And as the sea that still can never lie.

But since that time the truth hath made me try,

That in inconstance thou art constant still;

My courage sayes, on Cupid cease to crye,

That art rewarded thus for thy good will.

For though, madam, I faild not to fulfill

All sorte of service to a mistress dew;

Yet absence though but for a space did spill

The thankses deserv'd of all my service trew.

What shall I say? I never thought to see,

That out of sight should out of languor bee.

If he who takes the sight of both his eies,

May justly mourne his miserable case,

As one whome to all worldly pleasure dies,

When dreery darknes comes in Phœbus place;

Howe muche the more may I lament, alace!

The absence of my onely lampe of lighte,
Since lizard-like, I feede upon hir face,

And suck my satisfaction from hir sighte.

Now more may I, then marigold, by night,

Beare blossoms, when no sight of sonne I have;
For ye, Madam, have by your bewties might,

Bereft and brake my hart, your humble slave!
How many a man, a flower, a corps in smart,
See blossome breath, but eies, but sonne, but hart.

Finis, Sir Thomas Areskine of Gogar, Knighte.

XVI.

ENGLAND, men say of late, is bankrupte growne,
Th' effects do manifest the cause unknowne;
Riche treasures it hath, and wary keepers,
Grave judges, counsellors, in gaine no sleepers;
Collectors, auditors, receyvours it hath many,
Searchers, customers, all for the penny;
As for the churchmen, they both pray and paye,
Solvat ecclesia, so the writers saye.
Mighte somme new officer mende old disorder?
Yes, our good steward may sett all in order.

XVII.

ON THE EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

WHEN doome of death by judgments force appointed,
 Strayninge the lawe beyonde all reache of reason,
 Hath unto death condemnd a queene annoited,
 And founde, (O, straunge), without alleageance,
 treason.

The axe that should have done the execution,
 Shund to cutt of a head that had byn cround;
 The hangman lost his wonted resolution
 To quitt a queene of nobless so renown'd.
 There was remoree in hangman and in steele,
 When peeres and judges no remoree could feele!
 Graunt, Lord, that in this noble ile a queene
 Without a head may never more be seene.

XVIII

TO ALL MALCONTENTS GIVE THIS IN THE DEVIL'S-STABLE.

YE babes of Barum,
 Weepe ye no more;
 Your mother the church
 Hath milke in store.
 If children well nurst
 Will not be still,
 Birche and greene willowe
 Must master their will!

XIX.

FAINE with a looke that lock my hart in mirthe,
Merry in thought when mirth is shutt in hart;
Shutt up sweete thought in such a lively birth,
As may bringe forth such joyes as nev'r may part.
But when I think that love is rul'd by madnes,
Madnes doth make me shake of former gladnes.

Glad with a sigh, that turneth into teares,
Torne with sharp drops that my flesh and bones
teareth;
Bowed to the ground, bound with a thousand feares,
Clamours and cryes my wofull eares still heareth.
Hart that still panteth, looke for no more easinge,
Breath that drawesshortnes, let death appear pleasinge.

Love, alas! farewell, thy darts be not seasoned, [not;
Bendinge thei pearse not, so weake that thei hurt
Cruelty sinek not, nor no reason is reasoned,
Hitt with the strongest, yet the hart start not.
Use no more weapons, except thei do smitt men,
Use no more dartinge, if darts do not kill men.

Sorrow, make harbour in my balefull harte;
Griefe, goe, and be sad sorrow's neighbour ever;
Anguish, come scourge me with thine endless smart;
Torture, lett paine and torments part me never.
Cru'l unkind, whose disdayne hath made me cursed,
Shame to thy life, sith shame thyselfe hath nursed.

Pleasure, depart where sorrow now remaineth;
Joy, fly away, and come not where grieffe resteth;
Solace must die, since anguish daily paineth;
Rest, leave thy rest, sith torture still molesteth.
My lovinge hart, that never lov'd but one,
Receives his death by none but hir alone.

Paciencie, for paines with paine must be contented,
And quietnes shall alwaies now be weeping;
Mones will be still, though mourninges be repented,
Grieffe, paine and smart can never more be sleeping.
Pleasure and joye are dead and almoste rotten,
Solace and rest begonn and all forgotton.

XX.

HEARINGE songs of sorrowes monings,
Where deepe sadnes wrought with gronings,
Patience all alone was sleeping,
And pittie sigh'd with bitter weeping.
Love and vertues eies were bleeding,
Hope a heavy happ was reeding,
And amongst them all discovered,
That which cannot be recovered.
Nature wailed, oh! death have moved,
Death hath slayne hir best beloved.
Virgins mourne with endless measure,
Havinge lost their chiefest treasure.

Come, sweet muses, leave your singinge,
Let your hands your hands be wringing;
Teare your haire of golden wyers,
Sith you lost your whole desires.
Leave your dauncinge, with your playinge,
Hope and joye is now decayinge.
Nymphes, leave of your wonted places,
Pleasures will be your disgraces;
Sporte no more with rounds returninge,
Lett your bowers be sett on burninge.
With your teares then quench the fires,
Love and pittye this requires.
Then make cries crie with heavines,
And lett plaints be on readines.
Dole and dolour with your anguishe,
Shew the cause of my sad languishe,
And lett grieve with endless smartinge
Tribute pay for his departinge.

XXI.

NOWE at last leave of lamentinge,
Over longe thy care hath lasted,
Overmuche thy hart tormentinge,
Over soone thy joyes are wasted.

Cease thy haples helpless cryinge,
Breathe no more thy sighes in vaine!
All in vaine thy selfe relyinge,
To blinde fortunes welcome gaine.

Now at length thou maist discerne,
That at first thou couldst not see,
That at first thou wouldst not lerne,
That at last thy death will be!
But I wil be well contented,
Death shall never be lamented.

XXII.

THE FOLLY OF LOVE.

THE time when firste I fell in love,
Which now I muste lament;
The yeare wherein I loste suche time,
To compas my content.

The day wherein I sawe too late
The follie of a lover;
The houre wherein I had suche loss
As I cannot recover.

And laste, the minute of mishap,
Which makes mee thus to plaine
The doleful fruites of lovers suites,
As labor loste in vaine,

Doth make mee solemnly proteste,
As I with paine doe prove,
There is no time, yeere, day, or houre,
Or minute good to love.

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 1.—In the same volume is a poem of several pages, entitled, *A proper new ballad of the Countess who would be a notorious woman out of Italy, and of a pandress or promoter of love amonge the Augustine nunnes ; translated out of Cornish or Devonshire into true Suffolk, and is to be sunge to the tune of Lighte of Love, or Uptailles all, as you can devise.* At the end is written, *By me Shake Singleton, and are to be sold at the signe of the shippe called the Quittance.* The greater part of this ballad is exceedingly unintelligible, but it seems to refer chiefly to some local scandal. I give a few of the first lines, which contain names that may lead to the discovery of the particular satire.

“ Gramercies Watt, Mets, Mesters and the rest,
This ill bred daanes will ha a game at chest,
And swear to me thi knights be not turned knaves,
Thy rookes turne flesh-crowes or devouring slaves.
Birdes of the night that haunt where carion lies,
And come to it like magotts or like flies.
Was ’t not inough your sister was sent downe
And bad confest, but she must come to towne
Like to a countess, though none tooke hir so,
But stopt their noses and still cried, “ fo ! ”
Because hir carcasse was not yet made clere
Of Southwells bocher basterd buried at Poplere ?
Fy, William, fy ! Matt’s ballad is no Bible,
Nor doth thy pockett yeld the truthe,
 though ne’er without a lible ;
Davy dare do and Doctor Wrights,
 what thou darst not gainsaye,

For they dar come upon the stage
 where thou darst not to play.
 And yet you act it prately,
 but chiefly in the darko,
 The curtaines spread and candles out,
 and no dogge lefte to barke.
 It will not serve your turne to say,
 twas done in puple-age,
 For even your sonne, if he had liv'd,
 had nowe byn past a page.
 But tell me, faith, when wilt thou sue
 the livery of this sonne,
 When this new gotten babe doth beare
 the hore haire on his chinne."

P. 1, l. 1.—*O, thou prodigious monster.*] This piece evidently refers to some favourite of Elizabeth's, who had shown little gratitude or respect for the memory of his sovereign.

P. 2, l. 9.—*Vild.*] The common Elizabethan form of the word *vile*.

" Things base and *vild*, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity."

Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 3.

P. 13, l. 1.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*] These curious satirical pieces on Raleigh strongly exhibit the popular feeling of the time against him. Prince Henry is said to have been one of the few who were inclined to favour him after his fall.

P. 16, l. 10.—*Wanderer in the nighte.*] The same phrase occurs in Shakespeare's "*Midsummer Night's Dream*."

P. 16, l. 19.—*Cinthia.*] That is, Queen Elizabeth.

P. 19, l. 1.—*What is Love?*] Mr. Collier informs me he

has met with this in some printed collection. Another poem of the same kind begins thus :—

“ Now what is Love? I praie thee, tell.
It is that fountaine and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That tols all into heaven or hell:
And this is Love, as I heare tell.”

The Phœnix Nest, 1593.

P. 23, l. 14.—*Wedd.*] That is, a pledge, a pawn.

P. 23, l. 26.—*Decore.*] That is, to beautify. See p. 34.

P. 26, l. 10.—*Fin'd.*] That is, refined.

P. 42, l. 11.—*The time, &c.*] This is added from another collection of the same date. It is found also with variations in the rare collection entitled the *Phœnix Nest*, 4to. London, 1593.

THE
CROWN GARLAND OF GOLDEN ROSES.

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PART II.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1659.

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INTRODUCTION.

EARLY editions of popular Garlands are so rarely to be found, that it has been thought desirable to reprint, by way of appendix to the "Crown Garland" of 1612, the additional ballads contained in the almost equally rare edition of 1659.

Although many of the ballads are to be found in comparatively modern collections, the present copies seemed deserving of republication, as in most cases they afford the earliest authority for the text.

An edition of the "Crown Garland," printed in 1692, is in the British Museum, and another, the date of which is cut off, is preserved in the Pepysian Library.

The edition of 1692 corresponds in its contents with that of 1659, now reprinted, and for the loan of which the Percy Society are indebted to the liberality of Mr. J. Payne Collier.

THE CROWN-GARLAND
OF
GOLDEN ROSES.

ADDITIONAL BALLADS

FROM THE EDITION OF 1659.

A SERVANT'S SORROW FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LATE ROYAL MISTRESS, QUEEN ANN, WHO DIED AT HAMPTON COURT.

The tune is "In sad and ashy Weeds."

IN dole and deep distress,
Poor soul, I, sighing, make my moan,
A doom of heaviness
Constrains my heavy heart to groan.
Then hapless I,
That thus must cry
Against those Sisters three;
Which, to my pain,
Her life have ta'en,
That late did comfort me.

In sable weeds I mourn
My princess' absence to condole,
Who never can return
Unto my sad forsaken soul.
Yet will I show
The grounds of woe,
Of such as mourners be,
For sorrowing care
Will be my share,
When none will comfort me.

My golden sun is fled,
And clearest day beset with clouds,
A hollow sheet of lead
My late beloved princess shrouds :
For whose sweet sake
This moan I make,
As all the world may see ;
There is no joy
But in annoy,
Then who can comfort me ?

With grief I waste away,
Rememb'ring oft my gracious queen,
We servants all may say,
And witness well what she hath been.
A princess kind,
[Of royal mind],
Adorn'd with courtesy,
But now a grave

That grace will have,
And none will comfort me !

Oh! let my careful eyes
To sadness court and country move,
No mourning may suffice
To tell my dear affecting love ;
Nor worlds of woe
Cannot well show
The griefs that settled be
Within my breast,
So much distress,
So none can comfort me !

Yet mourners there be store,
Of kings, of states, of princes high,
Who sadly do deplore
The want of that sweet majesty,
Who spent [her] days
In virtuous ways,
And doing good we see ;
Her liberal hand
Ador[n]'d this land,
Which much doth comfort me.

My sovereign lord, King James,
Lamenting, moans his turtle dear,
And princely Charles out-streams
Full many a sad and sorrowful tear ;
So [th]at that race
Of royal grace,

And blooms of majesty,
 Conjoin in one
 For to make moan,
Yet none will comfort me !

The Palsgrave of the Rhine,
 With Denmark's most true honoured king,
Unto sad sorrow's shrine
 Some sacrificing tears will bring.
 Elizabeth !
 Thy mother's death
A mournful news will be,
 To fill those courts
 With sad reports ;
Yet no man comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
 And German princes of her kin,
Possess'd with sorrow stands,
 And sadly thus their grief begin :
 Farewell ! adieu !
 Sweet queen, so true !
Thy life much miss'd will be ;
 For rich and poor
 Fed on thy score,
But now none comforts me.

Where'er her highness went,
 Sweet bounty freely she bestow'd,
The gifts that God her sent

Unto the world she nobly show'd :
Which many ways
Advanc'd her praise,
So full of good was she,
The which did move
All men to love ;
But now none comforts me.

You ladies fair and fine,
Attendants on this royal queen,
Her grace is made divine,
On this dull earth not to be seen.
Her soul is flown
Up to that throne
Where angels reigning be,
Whilst I aspire
To vain desire ;
For now none comforts me.

Oh! blessed be that mould
Which shall contain so sweet a prize !
Keep safe the same enroll'd,
Untouch'd, unseen of mortal eyes,
Till from this earth,
A second birth
Of newness framed be ;
And till that hour,
Preserve this flower,
Whose goodness comforts me !

A queen and mother dear,
 A wife, a daughter to a king,
 A sister royal here,
 And grandam as renown doth ring :
 Which rich born fame
 Hath grac'd her name,
 'Though all now buried be ;
 Yet after-days
 Shall sound her praise,
 Which greatly comforts me.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S SORROW FOR THE DEATH OF HIS
 BELOVED SON.

To a New Tune.

IN sad and ashy weeds
 I sigh, I pine, I grieve, I mourn,
 My oats and yellow reeds
 I now to jet and ebon turn.
 My urged eyes,
 Like winter skies,
 My furrowed cheeks o'erflow ;
 All heaven knows why
 Men mourn as I ;
 And who can blame my woe ?

In sable robes of night
My days of joy apparel'd be,
My sorrows see no light,
My light through sorrows nothing see.
For now my sun
His date hath run,
And from my sphere, doth go
To endless bed
Of folded lead,
And who can blame my woe?

My flocks I now forsake,
That silly sheep my grief may know,
And lilies loathe to take
That since his fall presume to grow.
I envy air,
Because it dare
Still breathe, and he not so,
Hate earth that doth
Entomb his youth,
And who can blame my woe?

Now a poor lad, alone,
(Alone how can such sorrow be?)
Not only men make moan,
But more than men make moan with me :
The gods of greens,
And mountain queens,
The fairy-circled row,

The muses nine,
The nymphs divine,
Do all condole my woe.

You awful gods of skies!
If shepherds may you question thus,
What d[ei]ty to supply,
Took you this gentle star from us?
Is Hermes fled?
Is Cupid dead?
Doth Sol his seat forego?
Or Jove his joy
He stole from Troy?
Or who hath fram'd this woe?

Did not mine eyes, O heaven!
Adore your light as well before?
But that amidst you seven,
You fixed have one planet more!
You may well raise,
Now double days
On this sad earth below,
Your powers have won
Another sun,
And who can blame our woe?

At your great hands I ask
This boon, which you may easily grant,
That, till my utmost mask
Of death, I still may moan his want.

Since his divine
Parts with you shine,
Too bright for us below,
And Earth's sad breast
Entombs the rest,
Yet mine is all the woe.

CORIDON'S COMFORT.

The second part of the Good Shepherd.
To the same tune.

PEACE, shepherd, cease to moan,
In vain is all this grief and woe,
For him that's from us gone,
And can, alack ! return no more.
But yet, indeed,
The oaten reed,
And mirth thou late didst know,
I blame thee not,
If now forgot,
For who can blame thy woe ?

The breath had once a sound,
Harmonious, as in sighing spent,
The temples once were bound
With chaplets, or a pleasant scent.
Now cyprus wear,
Thy grief and care

To all the world [to] show,
The pipe so sweet
Thy lips so meet,
And who can blame thy woe?

The murmur of the brook,
Hath been delightful [to thine ear],
Much pleasure hast thou took,
Sweet Philomela's note to hear ;
To see that quire,
From bush to brier
Leap lightly to and fro,
The summer's queen,
Attir'd in green,
But now 'tis nothing so !

To see the queen of flowers,
When hoary Hiem's part is done,
Deck up those summer bowers,
Defend us from the parching sun.
To see the ground
Embroidered round,
And every tree to show
His virid dye,
Hath pleas'd thine eye,
But now 'tis nothing so !

Too well I know, thy sheep
At random graze upon the plain,
Grief lulls thee now asleep,
And now thou wak'st to grief again !

Asleep, awake,
For his dear sake,
Some sign of sorrow show,
No bed of rest
Can ease thy breast;
And who can blame thy woe?

No man the man that knew,
For whom our fainting bodies wear
These robes of saddest hue,
And woes more black imbreasted bear,
Can well forbear
To shed a tear,
Griefs still will overflow;
Pale sorrow's curse
Hath still such force;
Then who can blame my woe?

Thy woes I cannot blame,
But in sorrows bear a part,
Yet now to patience frame,
And see the salve cures all our smart.
This bud is dead,
Is gone, is fled,
But in his place doth grow
A flower as fair,
As fresh as rare,
And he cures all our woe.

A MOURNFUL DITTY OF THE DEATH OF THE FAIR ROSAMOND,
KING HENRY THE SECOND'S CONCUBINE.

To the tune of "Flying Fame."

WHEN as King Henry rul'd this land,
the second of that name ;
Besides the queen, he dearly lov'd
a fair and princely dame.

Most peerless was her beauty found,
her favour, and her grace ;
A sweeter creature in the world
did never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks, like threads of gold,
appear'd to each man's sight ;
Her comely eyes, like orient pearls,
did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheeks,
did such a colour drive ;
As though the lily and the rose
for mastership did strive.

Yea, Rosamond, fair Rosamond !
her name was called so ;
To whom dame Elenor, our queen,
was known a mortal foe.

The king, therefore, for her defence,
against the furious queen;
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
the like was never seen.

Most curiously this bower was built,
of stone and timber strong;
An hundred and fifty doors
did to this bower belong.

And they so cunningly contriv'd,
with turnings round about;
That none but by a clue of thread,
could enter in or out.

And for his love, and lady's sake,
that was so fair and bright;
The keeping of this bower he gave
unto a valiant knight.

But fortune, that doth often frown,
where she before did smile;
The king's delight, the lady's joy,
full soon she did beguile.

For why the king's ungracious son,
whom he did high advance;
Against his father raised wars,
within the realm of France.

But yet, before our comely king
the English land forsook,
Of Rosamond, his lady fair,
his last farewell he took.

“O, Rosamond! the only rose
that pleaseth best mine eye;
The fairest rose in all the world,
to feed my fantasy!

“The flower of mine affected heart,
whose sweetness doth excel;
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee now farewell!

“For I must leave my fancy’s flower,
my sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
proud rebels to abase.

“But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see;
And in my heart, while hence I am,
I’ll bear my Rose with me.”

When Rosamond, that lady bright,
did hear the king say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart,
her outward parts did show.

And from her clear and crystal eyes,
the tears gusht out apace;
Which like the silver pearly dew,
Ran down her comely face.

Her lips, like to a coral red,
did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
her vital spirits did fail.

And falling down all in a swoond,
before King Henry's face,
Full oft within his princely arms,
her corpse he did embrace.

And twenty times, with wat'ry eyes,
he kist her tender cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again,
her senses mild and meek.

“Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?”
the king did often say;

“Because,” quoth she, “to bloody wars
my lord must part away.”

“But sith your grace in foreign coasts,
among your foes unkind,
Must go to hazard life and limb,
why should I stay behind?”

“Nay, rather let me, like a page,
your shield and target bear;
That on my breast the blow may light,
that shall annoy you there.

“O! let me in your royal tent,
prepare your bed at night;
And with sweet baths refresh your grace,
at your return from fight.

“So I your presence may enjoy,
no toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death,
which doth true love abuse!”

“Content thyself, my dearest friend,
thy rest at home shall be
In England’s sweet and pleasant soil;
for travel fits not thee.

“Fair ladies brook no bloody wars,
sweet peace their pleasures breed;
The nourishers of their heart’s content,
which fancy first doth feed.

“My Rose doth rest in Woodstock bower,
with music’s sweet delight;
While I, among the piercing pikes,
against my foes do fight.

“My Rose in robes of pearl and gold.
with diamonds richly dight;
Shall dance the galliards of my love,
whilst I my foes do smite.

“And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust
to be my love’s defence;
Be careful of my gallant Rose
when I am parted hence.”

And therewithal he fetch’d a sigh,
as though his heart would break;
And Rosamond, for very grief,
not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore:
After that day fair Rosamond
did see the king no more.

For when his grace had pass’d the seas,
and into France was gone;
Queen Elenor, with envious heart,
in Woodstock came anon.

And forth she call’d this trusty knight,
which kept this curious bower;
Who with his twined clue of thread,
came from that famous flower.

And when that they had wounded him,
the queen this thread did get,
And went where lady Rosamond
was like an angel set.

But when the queen, with steadfast eyes,
beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazèd in her mind,
at her exceeding grace.

“Cast off thy robes from thee,” she said,
“that rich and costly be;
And drink thee off this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.”

But presently upon her knee,
sweet Rosamond did fall;
And pardon of the queen she crav’d
for her offences all.

“Take pity of my youthful years,”
fair Rosamond did cry;
“And let me not with poison strong
enforcèd be to die.

“I will renounce this sinful life,
and in a cloister bide;
Or else be banish’d, if you please,
to range the world so wide.

“ And for the fault which I have done,
though I was fore’d thereto ;
Preserve my life, and punish me
as you think good to do.”

And with these words, her lily hands
she wrung full often there;
And down along her lovely cheeks
proceeded many a tear.

But nothing could this furious queen,
therewith appeased be;
The cup of deadly poison fill’d,
as she sat on her knee,

She gave that comely dame to drink,
who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knees arose,
and on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
she did for mercy call;
And drinking up the poison strong,
her life she lost withal.

And when that death through every limb.
had done her greatest spite;
Her chiefest foes did plain confess
she was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fled away,
At Godstow, near to Oxford town,
as may be seen this day.

A MOST RARE AND EXCELLENT HISTORY OF THE DUCHESS OF
SUFFOLK'S CALAMITY.

To the tune of "Queen Dido."

WHEN God had taken for our sin,
That prudent prince K. Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin
His raging malice to bewray;
All those that did God's word profess,
Are persecuted more or less.

Thus whilst the Lord did on us lower,
Many in prison he did throw,
Tormenting them in Lollard's tower,
Whereby they might the truth forego;
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
Were burn'd in fire, whom Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
And many places more beside;
At Coventry was Sanders kill'd,
At Worcester eke good Hooper died.

And to escape this bloody day,
Beyond seas many went away.

Amongst the rest that sought relief,
And, for their faith, in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was the chief,
King Henry's daughter, of royal blood,
Within the Tower did prisoner lie,
Looking each day when she should die.

The Duchess of Suffolk seeing this,
Whose life likewise the tyrant sought;
Then in the hope of heavenly bliss,
Within God's word her comfort wrought;
For fear of death was fain to fly,
And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone,
Her lands and goods she left behind;
Seeking still for that precious stone,—
The word of truth, so rare to find!
She, with her nurse, husband, and child,
In poor array their sight beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along,
Each one did take a several street;
Thus, all unknown, escaping wrong,
At Billingsgate they all did meet:
Like people poor, in Gravesend barge
They simply went with all their charge.

And along from Gravesend town,
With journeys short, on foot they went;
Unto the sea's coast they came down,
(To pass the seas was their intent);
And God provided so that day,
That they took ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
In Flanders safe they did arrive;
This was to their great ease of mind,
And from their hearts much woe did drive.
And so with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus they travell'd still disguised;
Upon the high-way suddenly,
By cruel thieves they were surpris'd,
Assailing their small company;
And [all] their treasure and their store
They took away, and beat them sore.

The nurse, in middle of the fight,
Laid down the child upon the ground;
She ran away out of their sight,
And never after that was found.
Then did the duchess make great moan,
With her good husband all alone.

The thieves had their horses kill'd,
And all their money quite had took;

The pretty baby, almost spill'd,
Was by the nurse likewise forsook;
And they far from their friends did stand,
All succourless in a strange land.

The skies likewise began to scowl,
It hail'd, and rain'd in piteous sort,
The way was long, and piteous foul;
Then (may I now full well report),
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometime the duchess bore the child,
As well as ever she could be,
And when the lady kind and mild
Was weary, then the child bore he.
And thus they one and other eas'd,
And with their fortunes were well pleas'd.

And after many weary steps,
All wet-shod, both in dirt and mire,
After much grief their heart it leaps,
For labour doth some rest require.
A town before them they did see,
But lodg'd therein they could not be.

From house to house then they did go,
Seeing where they that night might lie;
But want of money was their woe,
And still the babe with cold did cry.

With cap and knee they court'sy make,
But none on them would pity take.

Lo! here a princess of great blood
Doth pray a peasant for relief!
With tears bedewed as she stood,
Yet few or none regards her grief.
Her speech they could not understand.
But gave her money in her hand.

When all in vain their pains were spent,
And that they could not house-room get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
To stand out of the rain and wet.
Then said the duchess to her dear,
"Oh! that we had a fire here."

Then did her husband so provide,
That fire and coals he got with speed;
She sat down by the fire side
To dress her daughter, that had need.
And while she dress'd it in her lap,
Her husband made the infant pap.

Anon the sexton thither came,
And finding them there by the fire,
The drunken knave, all void of shame,
To drive them out was his desire;
And spurning forth that noble dame,
Her husband's wrath it did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
He wrung the church keys out of his hand,
And struck him so that all of blood
His head ran down, where he did stand:
Wherefore the sexton presently
For help and aid aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,
And took the duchess and her child,
And with her husband thus they pass'd,
Like lambs beset with tigers wild;
And to the governor were brought,
Who understood them not in aught.

Then Master Bartu, brave and bold,
In Latin made a gallant speech,
Which all their miseries did unfold,
And their high favour did beseech:
With that a doctor sitting by,
Did know the duchess presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
With words abashèd at his sight,
Unto them all that there did wait,
He thus broke forth in words aright:
“Behold, within your sight,” quoth he,
“A princess of most high degree!”

With that the governor and the rest
Were all amaz'd the same to hear,

Who welcomed this new-come guest
With reverence great, and princely cheer;
And afterwards conveyed they were
Unto their friend, Prince Casimir.

A son she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name,
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
Of courage great, and worthy fame:
Her daughter young, which with her went,
Was afterwards Countess of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was deceas'd,
The duchess home return'd again:
Who was of sorrow quite releas'd,
By Queen Elizabeth's happy reign:
Whose godly life and piety,
We all may praise continually.

THE SECOND PART.



THE LAMENTABLE FALL OF THE GREAT DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER,
THE WIFE OF DUKE HUMPHREY: HOW SHE DID PENANCE
IN LONDON STREETS, BAREFOOTED, WITH A WAX
CANDLE IN HER HAND: AND HOW AT LAST SHE
WAS BANISHED THE LAND, WHERE, IN EXILE,
IN THE ISLE OF MAN, SHE ENDED
HER DAYS IN WOE.

To the tune of "Fortune, my foe."



I ONCE a duchess was of great renown,
My husband near allied to England's crown,
The good Duke Humphrey titled was his name,
Till fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame.

Henry the Fifth, that king of gallant grace,
Of whom my husband claim'd a brother's place,
And was protector made of his young son,
When princely Henry's thread of life was spun.

Henry the Sixth, a child of nine months old,
Then rul'd this land, with all our barons bold;
And in brave Paris crownèd king of France,
Fair England with more honour to advance.

Then sway'd Duke Humphrey like a glorious king,
And was protector over every thing,
Even as he would, to please his heart's desire;
But envy soon extinguish'd all his fire.

In height of all his pompal majesty,
From Cobham house with speed he married me,
Fair Ellinor, 'the pride of ladies all,'
In court and city people did me call.

Then flaunted I in Greenwich's stately towers,
My winter's mansions, and my summer's bowers;
Which gallant house now since those days hath been
The palace brave of many a king and queen.

The silver Thames, that sweetly pleas'd mine eye,
Procur'd me golden thoughts of majesty;
The kind contents and murmur of the water,
Made me forget the woes that would come after.

No gallant dame nor lady in this land,
But much desired in my love to stand;
My golden pride encreasèd day by day,
As though such pleasures never would decay.

On gold and silver looms my garments fair
Were woven still, by women strange and rare,
Embroidered curiously with Median silk,
More white than thistle-down, or morning's milk.

My coaches, and my stately pamper'd steeds,
Well furnish'd in their gold-betrappèd weeds,
With gentle gildings in the summer nights,
Still yielded me the evening's sweet delights.

A hundred gentlemen in purple chains,
As many virgin maids were still in trains,
The queen of Egypt with her pomp and glory,
For pleasure could not equal this my story.

But yet at last my golden sun declined,
And England's court at these my joys repined;
For soon my husband, in his honoured place
Amongst the barons reapèd some disgrace.

Which grudge being grown and sprung up to that height,
Unto his charge they laid some crime of weight;
And then in prison cast, good royal duke,
Without misdeed he suffered vile rebuke.

They took from him his great protector's name,
Through causes which those peers did falsely frame,
And after, overcome with malice deep,
My noble lord they murdered in his sleep.

The kind young king, having thus his uncle lost,
Was day by day with troubles vext and crost;
For such ambition in the land then bred,
That from the factious house of York took head.

O, kingly Lancaster! my husband's line,
His death began his fall as well as mine;
For being dead, his livings and his lands
They seizèd all into king Henry's hands.

And after turn'd me, friendless, out of door,
To spend my days like to a woman poor;
Discharging me from all my pompal train,
But Elenor would a lady still remain.

The noble spirit of a woman's will,
Within my breast did burn in fury still,
And raging so in my revengeful mind,
Till I the murderers of my lord did find.

But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no justice could by law take right,
But yet, to nourish up my thoughts in evil,
I crav'd the help of hell, and of the devil.

To practise witch-craft then was my intent,
And therefore for the witch of Ely sent,
And for old Bolingbroke, of Lancashire,
Of whom, for charms, the land stood much in fear.

We slept by day, and walkt by midnight hōurs,
(The time the spells have force and greatest powers),
The twilights, and the dawning of the morns,
When elves and fairies take their gliding forms.

Red streaming blood fell down my azur'd veins,
To make charàcters in round circled [strains];
With dead men's skulls, by brimstone burned quite,
To raise the dreadful shàdows of the night.

All this, by black enchanting arts, to spill
Their hated bloods, that did Duke Humphrey kill:
My royal lord! untimely ta'en from me!
Yet no revengement for him could I see.

For by the hand of justful-dooming heaven,
We were prevented all, and notice given,
How we, by witchcraft, sought the spoil of those
That secretly had been Duke Humphrey's foes.

Wherefore, my two companions for this crime
Did suffer death, ere nature spent their time;
Poor Elenor, I, because of noble birth,
Endur'd a stranger punishment than death.

It pleasèd so the council of my king,
Me to disrobe of every gorgeous thing,
My chains, my rings, and jewels of such prize,
Were chang'd to rags more base than rugged frieze.

And, by command, along each London street,
To go in penance, wrapped in a sheet,
Bare-footed, with a taper in my hand;
The like did never lady in this land.

My feet, that lately trod the steps of pleasure,
Now flinty stones so sharp were forc'd to measure;
Yet none alive, where I did come or go,
Durst shed one trickling tear at this my woe.

Break, heart, and die! here ended not my pain,
I judgèd was an exile to remain,
And go a banish'd lady from this place,
Where, in my blooming youth, I liv'd in grace.

The remnant of those years which God me gave,
Poor banish'd Elenor spent to find her grave;
And left this land, where she was bred and born,
In foreign soils for her misdeeds to mourn.

The Isle of Man, encompass'd by the sea,
To England namèd so unto this day,
Imprison'd me within the wat'ry round,
Till time and death found me a burying ground.

Full nineteen years in sorrow thus I spent,
Without one hour or minute of content,
Rememb'ring former joys of modest life,
Whilst I bore name of good Duke Humphrey's wife.

The loss of Greenwich towers did grieve me sore,
But death of my dear love ten thousand more;
Yea, all the joys, once in my bower and hall,
Are darts of grief to wound me now withal.

Farewell, dear friends! farewell my courtly trains!
My late renown is turn'd to ling'ring pains;
My melody of musick's silver sound,
Are snakes and adders hissing on the ground.

The downy bed[s], whereon I lay full oft,
Are sun-burnt heaps of moss, now seeming soft;
And waxen tapers lighting me to bed,
Be stars about the silver moon bespread.

Instead of wine I now drink waters clear,
Which pays for my delightful banquets dear;
Thus changeth stately pomp and courtly joys,
When pleasure endeth with such deep annoys.

My beauteous cheeks, where Cupid danc'd and play'd,
Are wrinkled grown, and quite with grief decay'd;
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes stark blind,
And all my body-altered from her kind.

Ring out my knell, you birds in top of sky!
Quite tir'd with woes, here Elenor needs must die!
Receive me, earth, into thy gentle womb,
A banish'd lady craves no other tomb!

Thus died the famous duchess of our land,
Controll'd by changing fortune's stern command;
Let those that sit in place of high degree
Think on their ends, that like to hers may be.

A COURTLY NEW SONG OF THE PRINCELY WOOING OF THE
FAIR MAID OF LONDON BY KING EDWARD.

To the tune of "Bonnie sweet Robin."

FAIR angel of England, thy beauty so bright
Is all my heart's treasure, my joy and delight!
Then grant me, sweet lady, thy true love to be,
That I may say 'Welcome, good fortune to me.'

The turtle so true, and chaste in her love,
By gentle persuasions her fancy will move,
Then be not entreated, sweet lady, in vain,
For nature requireth what I would obtain.

That phenix so famous, that liveth alone,
Is vowèd to chastity, being but one;
But be not, my darling, so chaste in desire,
Lest thou, like the phenix, do penance in fire.

But, alas! gallant lady, I pity thy state,
In being resolved to live without mate;

For if of our courting the pleasures you knew,
You would have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time I have sued the same to obtain,
Yet am I requited with scornful disdain;
But if you will grant your good favour to me,
You shall be advanced to princely degree.

Promotions and honours may often entice
The chastest that liveth, though never so nice:
What woman so worthy but will be content
To live in [a] palace where princes frequent?

Two brides young and princely to church I have led,
Two ladies most lovely have decked my bed,
Yet hath thy love taken more root in mine heart
Than all their contentment whereof I had part.

Your gentle hearts cannot men's tears much abide,
And women most angry when least they do chide;
Then yield to me kindly, and say that at length
Men do want mercy, and poor women strength.

I grant that fair ladies may poor men resist,
But princes may conquer and love whom they list;
A king may command her to lie by his side
Whose feature deserveth to be a king's bride.

In granting your love you shall have renown,
Your head shall be decked with England's fair crown;

Thy garment so gallant with gold shall be wrought,
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great ladies of honour shall 'tend on thy train,
Most richly attired in scarlet of grain;
A chamber most princely thy person shall keep,
Where virgins with music shall rock thee asleep.

If any more pleasures thine heart can invent,
Command them, sweet lady, thy mind to content;
For kings' gallant courts, where princes do dwell,
Afford such sweet pastimes as ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to die a true maid,
But print in thy bosom the words I have said,
And grant a king favour thy true love to be,
That I may say, 'Welcome, sweet lady, to me.'

THE FAIR MAID OF LONDON'S ANSWER TO KING EDWARD'S
WANTON LOVE.

To the same tune.

O WANTON King Edward! 'tis labour in vain
To follow the pleasures thou canst not attain;
Which getting thou lovest, and having dost waste it,
The which if thou purchase, is spoil['d] if thou hast it.

But if thou obtain'st it thou nothing hast won,
And I, losing nothing, yet quite am undone;
But if of that jewel a king do deceive me,
No king can restore, though a kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My favour is banisht, my beauty is past;
The rosy-red blushes that sat on my cheeks
To paleness is turn'd, which all men mislikes.

I pass not what princes for love do protest,
'The name of a virgin contenteth me best;
I have not deserved to sleep by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edward's bride.

The name of a princess I never did crave,
No such type of honour thy handmaid will have;
My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich favors to wantonness brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond, one of your sort,
Had never frequented King Henry's brave court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
Nor tasted the rage of a [harsh] jealous queen.

All men have their freedom to show their intent,
They win not a woman except she consent;
Who, then, can impute to men any fault,
Who still go upright, till women do halt?

Tis counted a kindness in men for to try,
And virtue in women thie same to deny;
For woman inconstant can never be prov'd,
Until by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If women and modesty once do but sever,
Then farewell good name and credit for ever!
And, royal King Edward, let me be exil'd
Ere any man knows that my body's defil'd.

No, no, my old father's reverend tears
Too great an impression within my soul bears;
Nor shall his bright honour the blot by me have,
To bring his grey hairs with grief to the grave.

The heavens forbid that when I shall die,
Any such sin should upon my soul lie:
If I have thus kept me from doing this sin,
My heart shall not yield with a prince to begin.

Come rather with pity, and weep on my tomb,
Then, for my birth, curse my dear mother's womb,
That brought forth a blossom that stained the tree,
With wanton desires to shame her and me!

Leave me, most noble king, tempt not in vain,
My milk-white affection with lewdness to stain;
Though England will give me no comfort at all,
Yet England will grant me a sad burial.

THE STORY OF ILL MAY-DAY IN THE TIME OF KING HENRY THE
EIGHTH, AND WHY IT WAS SO CALLED: AND HOW QUEEN
KATHERINE BEGGED THE LIVES OF TWO THOUSAND
LONDON 'PRENTICES.

To the tune of "Essex's good night."

PERUSE the stories of this land,
And with advisement mark the same;
And you shall justly understand
How ill May-day first got the name.
For when King Henry Eighth did reign,
And rul'd our famous kingdom here;
His royal queen he had from Spain,
With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Katherine named, as stories tell,
Sometime his elder brother's wife,
By which unlawful marriage fell
An endless trouble during life.
But such kind love he still conceiv'd
Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
Their journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave were suffered
Within our kingdom here to stay;
Which multitudes made victuals dear,
And all things else, from day to day.

For strangers then did so increase,
By reason of King Henry's queen;
And privilege in many a place
To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
And who but strangers bore the bell?
Which was a grief to Englishmen,
To see them here in London dwell.
Wherefore, God wot, upon May eve,
As prentices on maying went,
Who made the magistrates believe
At all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
As like in London never were,
For by the same full many a one
With loss of life did pay full dear.
For thousands came with Bilboa blade,
As with an army they could meet;
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran down with blood
In every street where they remain'd;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
That any of their part maintain'd.
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas though born and bred,

By prentices there suffered wrong,
When armed thus they gathered head.

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withstand;
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the last King Henry's power
This multitude encompass'd round,
Where with the strength of London's tower,
They were by force suppress'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd, by martial law,
On sign-posts at their masters' doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,
And frighted from such loud uproars.
And others which the fact repented,
(Two thousand prentices at least),
Were all unto the king presented,
As mayors and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster, there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also.
But such a cry in every street
Till then was never heard nor known,
By mothers for their children sweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
Possess the court with trembling fear;
Whereat the queen herself relents,
Though it concern'd her country dear.
What if, quoth she, by Spanish blood
Have London's stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this country's good,
And pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
And say Queen Katherine was unkind;
And judge me still the cause to be,
These young men did these fortunes find.
And so, disrob'd from rich attires,
With hair hang'd down, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

"The lives," (quoth she), "of all the blooms
Yet budding green, these youths I crave;
O, let them not have timeless tombs,
For nature longer limits gave!"
In saying so, the pearled tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes,
Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
And says, "Stand up, sweet lady, rise!"

The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindness shall debar,
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live
To serve me in my Boulogne war."

No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As though it thunder'd down from heaven,
The queen's renown amongst them all.

For which, (kind queen), with joyful heart,
She gave to them both thanks and praise,
And so from them did gently part,
And liv'd beloved all her days:
And when King Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov'd men indeed,
And fear'd no foes of warlike band.

For at the seige of Tours, in France,
They showed themselves brave Englishmen:
At Boulogne too they did advance
Saint George's lusty standard then.
Let Tourenne, Tournay, and those towns
That good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London's prentices' renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done.

For ill May-day, and ill May-games,
Perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hind'rance to their fames,
Or strains of manhood, any ways.
But now it is ordain'd by law,
We see on May-day's eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe,
By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed, [came;
Which once through head-strong young men
And that's the cause that I do read
May-day doth get so ill a name.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE TWO LADIES OF FINSBURY
THAT GAVE MOOR-FIELDS TO THE CITY, FOR THE
MAIDENS OF LONDON TO DRY CLOTHES IN.

To the tune of "Where is my true Love?"

You gallant London damsels,
Awhile to me give ear,
And be you well contented
With that you now shall hear:
The deeds of two kind ladies
Before you shall appear,
O maidens of London, so fair!

At Finsbury there dwelled
A gallant noble knight,
That for the love of Jesus Christ
Desired for to fight;
And so unto Jerusalem
He went, in armour bright.
O maidens of London, so fair!

And charged both his daughters
Unmarried to remain,
Till he from blessed Palestine
Returned back again,
And then two loving husbands
For them he would attain.
O maidens of London, so fair!

When he was gone from fair England,
A knight of Rhodes to be,
His daughters they were well content,
Though born of good degree,
To keep themselves in mean estate,
Of living orderly.
O maidens of London, so fair!

The eldest of the two was nam'd
Fair Mary, as is said,
Who made a secret vow to God
To live and die a maid;
And so a true professed nun,
Herself with speed array'd.
O maidens of London, so fair!

Her garments were of mourning black,
Befitting her desires,
Where at the house of Bethlehem,
The abbess she requires
An entertainment to be made,
To their melodious quires.
O sweet singing maidens so fair!

Where in the nunnery she remain'd
Beloved many a year,
Still spending day and night in prayers
For her old father dear:
Refusing worldly vanities,
With joy and pleasant cheer.
O heavenly blest maidens, so fair!

And, in the name of Jesus Christ,
A holy cross did build,
Which some have seen at Bedlam gate,
Adjoining to Moor-field.
'These be the blessed springing fruits,
That chastity doth yield.
O maidens of London, so fair!

If that England's great royal Queen
I should be made, quoth she,
Not half so well contented then,
Good ladies, should I be.
There is no life that's half so sweet
As virgin's life, I see.
O maidens of London, so fair!

Nor will I taste the joys of love
Belong to marriage bed,
Nor to a king consent to yield
My blooming maiden-head,
Till from my father I do hear,
To be alive or dead.
O maidens of London, so fair!

So, virgin-like, she spent her days,
About this pleasant spring;
And us'd herself, from time to time,
Upright in every thing;
Which caus'd the ladies of this land
Her noble praise to sing.
O maidens of London, so fair!

The younger of the sisters, nam'd
Dame Annis, fair and clear,
Who framed there a pleasant well,
By her esteemed dear;
Where wives and maidens daily came
To wash, both far and near.
O, heaven-blest maidens, so fair!

In it were all her earthly joys,
Her comfort and delight,
About the same remaining still
With pleasure day and night;
As glorious as the golden sun,
In all his beams so bright.
O maidens of London, so fair!

The lovely ladies of the land
Unto dame Annis went,
Persuading her this single life
Was not the best content.
The married sort doth most command,
Being still to pleasures bent.
O maidens of London, so fair!

And daily, troops of London dames
Unto her did repair,
With purest lawn and cambric fine,
To wash both clear and fair:
And rich embroider'd furnitures
Of child-bed linen rare.
O maidens of London, so fair!

Thus lived these two sisters here,
As you have heard it told;
Till time had chang'd their beauteous cheeks,
And made them wrinkled, old.
Then from their father news was brought,
How he was wrapt in mould.
O maidens of London, so fair!

For the king of England soon,
The Duke of Normandy,
Returned from Jerusalem
With fame and victory;
And brought their father's heart in lead,
Here buried for to be.
O maidens of London, so fair!

This heart that spill'd his dearest blood
For Jesus Christ in heaven,
Being thus unto his daughters twain,
In kindness brought and given,
Was mourned for three hundred days,
From morning unto even.
O maidens of London, so fair!

And then with lamentations,
Sweet maidens, being weary,
Their aged father's noble heart
Most solemnly did bury,
And gave the place their father's name,
As says our English story.
O maidens of London so fair!

Old Sir John Fines, he had the name,
Being buried in that place,
Now since then called Finsbury,
To his renown and grace;
Which times to come shall not outwear
Nor yet the same deface.
O maidens of London so fair!

And likewise, when those maidens died,
They gave those pleasant fields
Unto our London citizens,
Which they most bravely build;
And now are made most pleasant walks
That great contentment yield
To maidens of London so fair.

Where lovingly both man and wife
May take the evening air,
And London dames to dry their clothes
May thither still repair,
For that intent most freely given
By these two damsels fair,
Unto the maidens of London for ever.

AN EXCELLENT SONG MADE OF THE SUCCESSORS OF KING
EDWARD THE FOURTH.

To the tune of "O, man in desperation."

WHEN as the king of England died,
Edward the Fourth by name,
He had two sons of tender years
For to succeed the same:
Then Richard, Duke of Gloucester,
Desiring kingly sway,
Devised by treason how to make
His nephews both away.

He with the duke of Buckingham
Did closely then contrive
How he unto the English crown,
Might happily atchieve:
Betwixt them both they laid a plot,
And both together went
To Stony-Stratford, where they met
Our king incontinent.

This sweet young king did entertain
His uncle lovingly;
Not thinking of their secret drift
And wicked treachery.
But then the Duke of Buckingham,
To set abroach the thing,

Began a quarrel for the nonce,
With them that kept the king.

And there they did arrest Lord Gray,
The brother to the queen;
Her other brother, Lord Rivers,
In durance then was seen:
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewise
Did then and there arrest;
Thus was the king of all his friends
On sudden dispossessed.

The king doth for his uncles plead,
And would their sureties be;
But both these dukes would in no case
To his request agree:
In brief, these noblemen were sent
To Pomfret Castle soon,
Where secretly and suddenly,
They there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the king alone
To London with great speed,
Using persuasion in such sort,
Not to mislike their deed:
But when to London he was come,
For him they had prepar'd
The Bishop's palace, there to hold,
But safely under guard.

And then Duke Richard takes on him
The keeping of the king;
Naming himself Lord Protector,
His purpose about to bring:
Devising how to get in hold
The other brother too,
The which the cardinal undertook
Full cunningly to do.

The cardinal then, all in haste,
Unto the queen did come,
Using persuasions in such sort,
He got the other son:
And then they both incontinent
Unto the Tower were sent,
After which time they ne'er came forth,
For death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the means
To work these princes' death,
Did cause James Tyrrel's hired men
Full soon to stop their breath:
Miles Forrest, and James Diggens both,
These wicked careless men,
Were made the instruments of blood,
To work the murder then.

These princes lying in their bed,
Being sweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
Or meaning any harm;

These villains in their feathered beds
Did wrap them up in haste,
And with the clothes did smother them,
Till life and breath was past.

But when they were so murdered,
Where laid no man did know;
But mark! the judgment of the Lord
Did sharp revenge soon show.
Betwixt these dukes within short space,
Such discord there was bred,
That Buckingham, (to please the king,)
Was forc'd to lose his head.

Then Richard in his kingly seat
No rest nor ease could find,
The murder of his nephews did
So sore torment his mind:
He never could take quiet rest,
His life he still did fear,
His hand upon his dagger was,
And none might come him near.

At length the Earl of Richmond came
With such a puissant band,
That this usurping king was forc'd
In his defence to stand:
And meeting him in Bosworth field,
They fought with heart full fain;
But God, (for shedding princes' blood),
Caus'd Richard to be slain.

Then, being dead, upon a horse
All nak'd as he was born,
His flesh sore cut and mangled,
His hair all rent and torn:
And then Earl Richmond, worthily,
For this his deed of fame,
Of England he was crowned king,
Henry the Seventh by name.

From whose most royal loins did spring
That famous king of might,
Henry the Eighth, whose worthy deeds
Our chronicles recite.
Who dying, left his land and crown
To Edward, his sweet son;
Whose gracious reign all England ru'd
His time so soon was run.

His sister Mary did succeed,
Next princess in this land,
But in her time blind ignorance
Against God's truth did stand:
Which caused many a martyr's blood
Be shed in ruthful case,
But God did England's woes regard,
And turn'd those storms to grace.

At length the other sister came,
Elizabeth, late queen;
And she reliev'd her subjects' hearts
From grief and sorrow clean:

She spent her days in peace and joy,
And died God's servant true,
And now enjoys a place in heaven,
Amongst the blessed crew.

Next her succeeding mighty James,
Likewise of Henry's race,
His majesty with royal right,
Deserves this worthy place:
Whose progeny God long preserve
This kingdom for to sway,
And send all subjects loyal hearts
Their sovereign to obey.

THE PRINCELY SONG OF THE SIX QUEENS THAT WERE MARRIED
TO HENRY THE EIGHTH, KING OF ENGLAND.

The tune is "Welladay."

WHEN England fame did ring,
Royally, royally,
Of Henry the Eighth, our king,
All the world over:
Such deeds of majesty
Won he most worthily,
England to glorify,
By the hand of fair heaven.

His royal father dead,
 Curiously, curiously,
 Was he then wrapt in lead,
 As it appeareth:
 Such a tomb did he make
 For his sweet father's sake,
 As the whole world may speak
 Of his gallant glory.

England's brave monument,
 Sumptuously, sumptuously,
 Kings and queens gave consent,
 To have it there graced.
 Henry the Eighth was he
 Buildd in gallantry,
 With golden bravery,
 In this rich chapel.

And after did provide,
 Carefully, carefully,
 To choose a princely bride,
 For his land's honour.
 His brother's widow he
 Married most lawfully,
 His loving wife to be,
 Royal Queen Katherine.

Katherine
 of Spain,
 his first
 wife.

Which queen he loved dear
 Many a day, many a day,
 Full two and twenty year,
 Ere they were parted.

From this renowned dame
Mary his daughter came,
Yet did his bishops frame
To have her divorced.

When as Queen Katherine knew
How the king, how the king
Prov'd in love most untrue,
Thus to forsake her;
Good Lord! what bitter woe
Did this fair princess show,
Unkindly thus to go
From her sweet husband.

“Oh! my kind sovereign dear,”
Said the queen, said the queen,
“Full two and twenty year
Have I been married:
Sure it will break my heart
From thee now to depart,
I ne'er play'd wanton's part,
Royal King Henry!”

All this availed nought,
Woful queen, woful queen,
A divorce being wrought,
She must forsake him:
Never more in his bed
Laid she her princely head:
Was e'er wife so bestead,
Like to Queen Katherine?

Amongst our Englishmen
Of renown, of renown,
The Earl of Wiltshire then
Had a virtuous fair daughter.
A brave and princely dame,
Anna Bullein by name,
This virgin was by fame
Made wife to King Henry!

Anna
Bullein
his second
wife.

From this same royal queen,
Blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
Came our sweet princess,
England's Elizabeth,
Fairest queen on the earth;
Happy made by her birth,
Was this brave kingdom.

When Anna Bullein's place
Of a queen, of a queen,
Had been for three years' space,
More was her sorrow:
In the king's royal head
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the queen her head
In London's strong tower.

Then took to wife Lady Jane,
Lovingly, lovingly,
That from the Seymours came,
Nobly descended:

Jane
Seymour,
his third
wife.

But her love bought she dear,
 She was but queen one year;
 In child-bed she died, we hear,
 Of royal King Edward.

England, then understand,
 Famously, famously,
 Princes three of this land
 Thus came from three queens:
 Katherine gave Mary birth;
 Anna, Elizabeth;
 Jane, Edward by her death,
 All crowned in England.

After these married he
 All in fame, all in fame,
 A dame of dignity,
 Fair Ann of Cleves:
 Her sorrow soon was seen,
 Only six months a queen!
 Graces but growing green,
 So quickly divorced.

Ann of
 Cleves, his
 fourth
 wife.

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,
 Wofull queen! wofull queen!
 Two more as well as she,
 Married unto King Henry.
 To enjoy love's delights
 On their sweet wedding nights,
 Which were her proper rights;
 Mournful young princess!

First a sweet gallant dame,
Nobly born, nobly born,
Which had unto her name
Fair Katherine Howard:
But ere two years were past,
Disliking grew so fast,
She lost her head at last:
Small time of glory!

Katherine
Howard, his
fifth wife.

After her, Katherine Parr
Made he queen, made he queen,
Late wife to Lord Latimer,
Brave English baron!
This lady of renown
Deserved not a frown,
Whilst Henry wore his crown
Of thrice famous England.

Katherine
Parr, his
sixth wife.

Six royal queens you see,
Gallant dames! gallant dames!
At command married he,
Like a great monarch.
Yet lives his famous name
Without spot or defame,
From royal kings he came,
Whom all the world feared.

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINT OF QUEEN MARY FOR THE
UNKIND DEPARTURE OF KING PHILIP, IN WHOSE
ABSENCE SHE FELL SICK, AND DIED.

The tune is, "Crimson Velvet."

MARY doth complain;
Ladies, be you moved
With my lamentations
And my bitter moans:
Philip King of Spain,
Whom in heart I loved,
From his royal queen
Unkindly now is gone.
Upon my bed I lie,
Sick and like to die:
Help me, ladies, to lament!
For in heart I bear,
He loves a lady dear
Better can his love content.
Oh Philip! most unkind,
Bear not such a mind,
To leave the daughter of a king:
Gentle Prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
And sweet content to thee I'll bring.

For thy royal sake,
 This my country's danger,
And my subjects' woes
 I daily do procure:
My burning love to slake,
 Noble princely stranger!
And the same to move,
 Where it was settled sure,
Divers in this land
 Against my foes did stand,
Pawning their lives therefore:
 And for the same were slain,
Gentle king of Spain!
 Streets ran down with purple gore.
Forty thousand men,
 All in armour then,
This noble kingdom did provide
 To marry England's queen,
Before thou shouldst be seen,
 Or I be made thy gallant bride.

But now my great good will
 I see is not regarded;
And my favours kind
 Are here forgotten quite:
My good is paid with ill,
 And with hatred rewarded:
I, unhappy queen,
 Left here in woful plight,

On our English shore
Never shall I more
Thy comely personage behold:
Nor upon the throne,
Gloriously be shown
In thy purple robes of gold.
Oh! my heart is slain!
Sorrow, care, and pain
Dwell within my sobbing breast:
Death approacheth near me,
Because thou wilt not cheer me,
Thou gallant king of all the west!

Those jewels, and those rings,
And that golden treasure,
First to win my love,
Thou broughtest out of Spain;
Now unto me bring
No delight, no pleasure,
But a sorrowful tear,
Which ever will remain:
Thy picture when I see,
Much amazeth me,
Causeth tears amain to flow:
The substance being gone,
Pleasures I have none,
But lamenting sighs of woe:
The chair of state adorned,
Seems as if it mourned,
Binding up mine eyes with weeping:

And when that I [am] led
Unto my marriage bed,
Sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come, you ladies kind!
Bring my gown of sable,
For I now must mourn
The absence of my lord:
You see my love-sick mind
Is no longer able
To endure the sting
Of Cupid's pricking sword:
My dying heart doth rest
In Philip's princely breast,
My bosom keeps no heart at all:
But ever will abide,
In secret by his side ;
And follow him through bower and hall.
Though I live disdained,
Yet my love unfeigned
Shall remain both chaste and pure,
And evermore shall prove
As constant as the dove,
And thus shall Mary still endure.

Ring out my dying knell,
Ladies so renowned!
For your queen must die,
And all her pomp forsake ;
England, now farewell!

For the fates have frowned,
And now ready stand
My breathing life to take:
Consume with speed to air,
Fading ghost is fair,
With my milk-wings go fly:
Where, sitting on the throne,
Let my love be shown,
That for his sake is forc'd to die.
Be for ever blessed,
Though I die distressed,
Gallant king of high renown!
The queen now broken-hearted,
From this world is parted,
In the heavens to wear a crown.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT, BETWEEN THE ENGLISHMEN
AND FRENCHMEN.

The tune is, "Flying Fame."

A COUNCIL grave our king did hold
With many a lord and knight,
That they may truly understand
That France did hold his right.

Unto the king of France therefore
Ambassadors were sent
That he might fully understand
His mind and his intent.

Desiring him in friendly wise
His lawful right to yield,
Or else he vowed by dint of sword
To win the same in field.

The king of France, with all his lords
Which heard his message plain,
Unto our brave ambassadors
Did answer in disdain.

And feign'd our king was yet too young,
And of too tender age ;
Therefore we weigh not of his wars,
Nor fear not his courage.

His knowledge is, in feat of arms,
As yet but very small ;
His tender joints more fitter were
To toss a tennis ball.

A tun of tennis-balls therefore,
In pride and great disdain,
He sent unto our noble king,
To recompense his pain.

Which answer when our king did hear,
He waxed wrath in heart,
And said he would such balls provide
Should make all France to smart.

An army then our king did raise,
Which was both good and strong,
And from Southampton is our king
With all his navy gone.

In France he landed safe and sound,
With all his warlike train,
Unto the town Harfleur next
He marched up again.

But when he had besieg'd the same,
Against the fenced walls
To batter down their stately towers
He sent his English balls.

This done, our noble English king
March'd up and down the land,
And not a Frenchman for his life
Durst once his force withstand:

Until he came to Agincourt,
Whereas it was his chance
To find the king in readiness,
With all his power in France.

A mighty host he had prepar'd
Of armed souldiers then,
Which were no less, by just account,
Than forty thousand men.

Which sight did much amaze our king,
For he and all his host
Not passing fifteen thousand had
Accounted with the most.

The king of France, which well did know
The number of our men,
In vaunting pride unto our prince
Did send a herald then

To understand what he would give
For ransom of his life,
When they in field had taken him,
Amidst their bloody strife.

And then our king with cheerful heart
This answer soon did make,
And said, "before this comes to pass,
Some of your hearts shall quake!

And to your proud presumptuous prince
Declare this thing," quoth he,
"Mine own heart-blood shall pay the price,
None else he gets of me!"

With that bespoke the Duke of York,
“O noble king,” quoth he,
“The leading of this battle brave
Vouchsafe to give to me!”

“God a merey, cousin York,” quoth he,
“I grant thee thy request;
Then march thou on couragiously,
And I will lead the rest.”

Then came the bragging Frenchmen down,
With cruel force and might,
With whom our noble king began
A hard and cruel fight.

The archers they discharg’d their shafts
So thick as hail from sky,
That many a Frenchman in the field
That happy day did die.

The horsemen tumbled on the stakes,
And so their lives they lost,
And many a Frenchman there was ta’en
As prisoners to their cost.

Ten thousand men that day were slain
Of enemies in the field,
And as many prisoners
That day were forc’d to yield.

Thus had our king a happy day,
And victory over France,
And brought them quickly under foot
That late in pride did prance.

The Lord preserve our noble king,
And grant to him likewise,
The upper hand and victory
Of all his enemies!

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 1.—Anne, Queen of James I, died at Hampton Court on the 1st of March, 1618-19, according to our computation, and this song must have been written immediately after her death. It was reprinted in the third volume of “A Collection of Old Ballads,” second edition, 1738. There are many inaccuracies in that copy, but it serves, nevertheless, to restore some passages in this.

P. 2, last line but two—“*Of royal mind.*”] This line is omitted in the Crown Garland, but is found in the other copy.

P. 3, l. 3.—“*Oh! let my care-full eyes.*”] In the old ballads, “*Oh! let my ireful cries.*”

P. 3, l. 12.—“*So none can comfort me.*”] In old ballads, “*That none can comfort me,*” which is probably the correct reading.

P. 3, l. 17.—In the Crown Garland it stands thus, “Who spent *their* days,” and in the 21st line the “n” is omitted in “*adorn’d.*”

P. 3, last line but one.—In the Crown Garland it is “*So at that race,*” and in the old ballads, “*So as that race.*”

P. 6.—The first song was sung to the tune of “In sad and ashy weeds,” which was once very popular, although now unknown. It is supposed that the words are only to be found in this collection.

P. 8, l. 6.—The original reads, “What *ditty* to supply.”

P. 10, l. 1.—In the original, “To all the world *of* show.”

P. 10, l. 6.—Hath been delightful *to thine ear*.] The three last words are added to complete the measure. The line is defective in the original.

P. 12.—Deloney’s ballad of Fair Rosamond has been reprinted by the Percy Society in “Strange Histories, (1607). That is the earliest and most authentic copy, but there are some errors in it that may be corrected from this; such as, “And falling down all in a *sound*,” for “sfound,” *i.e.* swoon; “My Rose in robes *and pearls of gold*,” for “My Rose in robes of pearl and gold,” &c.

“Flying Fame” was the tune to which “Chery Chae,” and many other ballads were sung. See “National English Airs,” p. 1.

P. 20.—The ballad of the “Duchess of Suffolk’s Calamity” is also printed in “Strange Histories.” There are many verbal differences in this copy. Another will be found in the Roxburgh Collection, vol. i. p. 94, and in the Bagford Collection, British Museum.

P. 20, last line.—“At *Worcester* eke good Hooper died.”] This should be, “At *Gloucester*,” &c., as in “Strange Histories.”

P. 26—Instead of the two last lines, we have, in “Strange Histories,”—

“For whose life and prosperity
We may praise God continually,”

which prove the ballad to have been written during the reign of Elizabeth, although that edition was printed four years after her death.

P. 27.—Another, but inferior copy of this ballad will be found in “A Collection of Old Ballads,” vol. ii. p. 92. The tune of “Fortune my foe,” called the hanging tune, from the

number of "last dying speeches and confessions" that were sung to it, will be found in "National English Airs," vol. i. p. 33, and the words in the Bagford Collection, Brit. Mus.

P. 31, l. 6.—The last word, "strains," is taken from the copy in the Collection of Old Ballads, instead of "veins," as in the Crown Garland, which belongs to the line above.

P. 34.—"Fair Angel of England."] A copy of this ballad is in the Bagford Collection, British Museum, "Printed for W. O., and are to be sold by the booksellers of Pye Corner, and London Bridge;" black letter; another in the Roxburgh Collection, vol. i. p. 58. The tune "Bonny sweet Robin," will be found in the "National English Airs."

P. 39.—The story of "Ill May-Day."] This ballad is to be found in "The Collection of Old Ballads," vol. iii. p. 54. It has been reprinted by Evans, and in the "Songs of the London Prentices and Trades." The tune of "Essex's good night" will be found in Elizabeth Rogers' "Virginal Book," MS., in the British Museum.

P. 43, last line but four.—"Or *strains* of manhood, any ways."] This should be "or *stains* of manhood, as in the copy in the "Collection of Old Ballads."

P. 50.—*When as the King of England died.*] This ballad is also to be found in the "Collection of Old Ballads," (vol. iii. p. 131), and it is reprinted with many others from the same, in Evans's excellent Collection. There is a ballad beginning, "When Edward was in England king," in the Roxburgh Collection.

P. 52, v. 2, l. 1.—In the Old Ballads this line stands thus :—"The Cardinal then, *all in haste*," which is more metrical.

P. 52, v. 3, l. 5.—Evans corrects the name "James Diggins" to "John Dighton," quoting from Hollinshed.

P. 55.—*When England fame did ring.*] This ballad is also to be found in Old Ballads, vol. iii. p. 72. The ballad of

“ Welladay,” to the tune of which it was sung, is reprinted by Mr. Collyer. Vide “ Old Ballads” printed for the Percy Society. The tune is preserved in an ancient Lute Book, (William Ballet’s), in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

P. 65, l. 5 and 6.—“ Fading ghost is fair,
With my milk wings go fly.”

In the “ Collection of Old Ballads,” vol. iii. p. 90, these lines vary, and are more intelligible :—

“ Fading ghost *prepare*
With my milk-wings *to fly.*”

P. 65.—“ The Battle of Agincourt.”] This ballad is to be found in the “ Collection of Old Ballads,” and in Evans’s Collection. In both copies the last verse but three is omitted.

FINIS.

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